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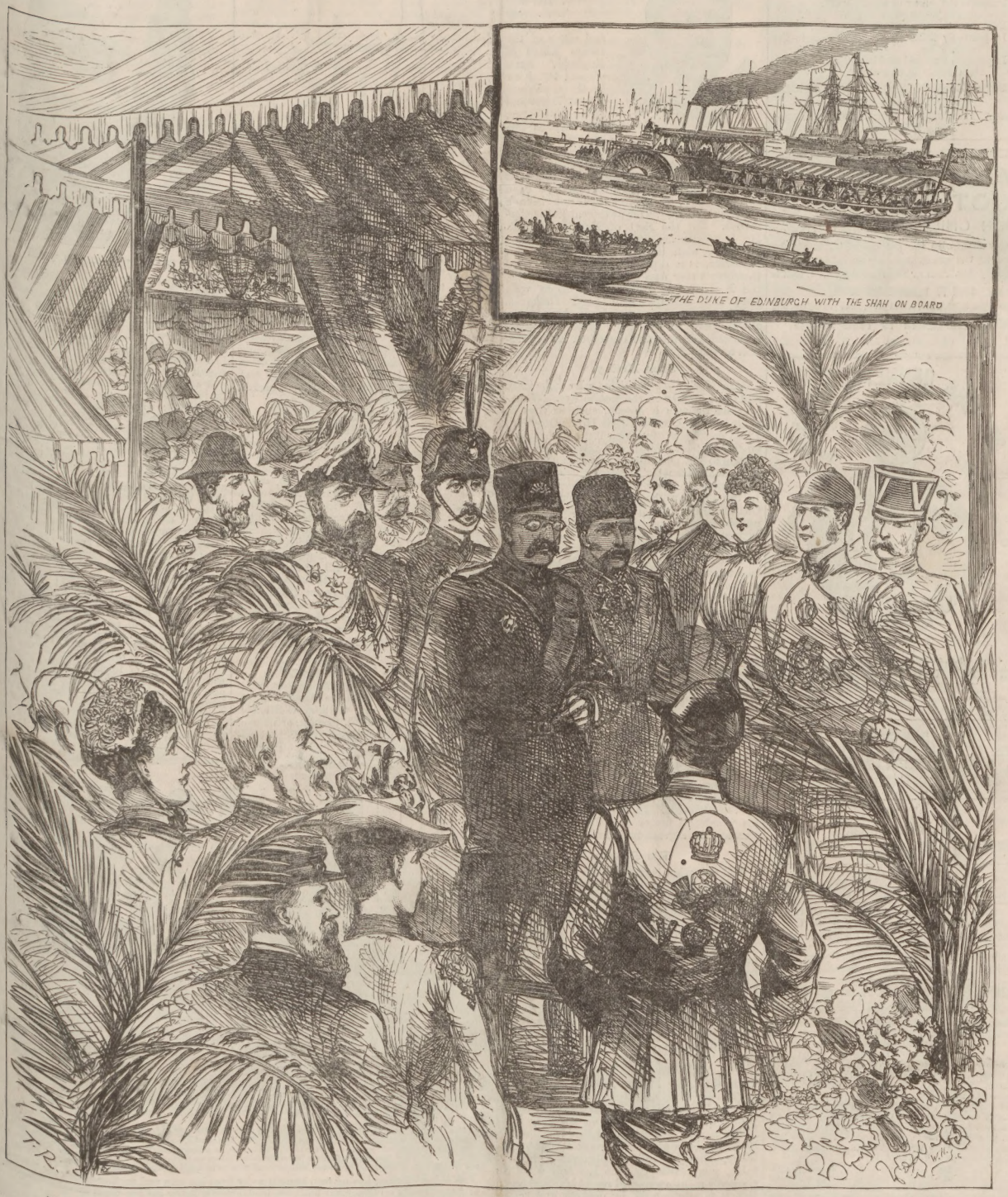


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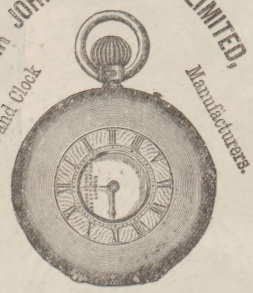

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**Beautifying London.**—We have an interesting communication from that benevolent nobleman the Earl of Meath. His lordship informs us that, by way of experiment in beautifying the paved open spaces of London, the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, with the sanction of the First Commissioner of Works, has just placed in the two upper corners of Trafalgar-square large banks of flowering and foliage plants, which will be renewed from time to time, as occasion may require, during the next three months, in order that they may always present a bright and attractive appearance. The work has been undertaken by Mr. J. E. Child, nurseryman, of 130, Lewisham High-road, S.E.

YES. THE RUPTURED will still find Dr. Sherman at his London office, 64, Chancery-lane, where his wonderful success draws the afflicted from all parts of England, and where you and all others should go who entertain the hope of ever being cured. Our advice is, send for his books, English and American, post-free for 6d. in stamps, and inform yourselves.—[ADVT.]

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Artistic and Literary communications for this Journal should be addressed to the Editor of THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER, and should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

All communications referring to Advertisements, Subscriptions, or General Business to be addressed to the Publisher, THOMAS FOX, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, London.

## PERSONAL POLITICS

### The Coming Royal Marriage.

THE EARL OF FIFE, the prospective son-in-law of the Prince of Wales, has always been a great gentleman in his country; but he is likely to be a greater. His wife will successively be the daughter and sister of the future Kings of England, and should her brothers. Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, die without offspring, may be the Queen, and he—the legendary descendant of Macduff, who made Kings though he was none—will be Prince Consort. Of course, it is no secret that the first marriage of a Princess with a subject has not been a brilliant success—so far as the subject is concerned. But the Earl of Fife is different. He is a favourite with the Royal family, especially with the Prince of Wales; and, moreover, is a capable man. Before Lord Rosebery's star rose so high in the heavens, the Earl of Fife bade fair to share with him, and perhaps with Lord Dalhousie and Lord Aberdeen, the leadership of the Liberal party in Scotland. Since he became a Unionist, he has not destroyed his reputation for capacity.

PRINCESS LOUISE OF WALES.

### John Morley.

John Morley is a politician who bulks more and more largely on the public eye. Whenever he delivers a speech, such as that he made last week on the Eight Hours Question, I find politicians discussing it in its bearings on John Morley's future and the possible succession to Mr. Gladstone. I confess, though I have great respect for Mr. Morley, I don't accept all at once the idea of him as a Party Leader. In the old days, when he worked with Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Chamberlain, he was not so much the policy-maker as its literary exponent. And he is still a first-rate literary exponent. He is also, what he was not in those days, ripening into a great orator. I well remember his first speech in the House of Commons—the nervous blush, the disconnected matter, the constrained gestures, the pump-handle action of the arms, and the wonder I felt that so great a literary man should make so poor an effort. The speech was unpopular in tone, and the House received it chillily. Mr. Gladstone, I believe, was the only man in the least degree impressed with it. In the papers next morning, however, it read well, and produced its effect, and since then Mr. Morley's style has been constantly improving. When I heard him the other day, all the old awkwardness and constraint were gone, as they were in the recent brilliant speeches at Clerkenwell and Limehouse. There was force, fire, confidence. You could see that the speaker knew his ground, and trod firmly on it. In his charming diction, his wonderful power of striking out happy phrases, lies a great oratorical future.

### His Defects.

And yet, what is it that John Morley wants to make him a great statesman? Well, he wants sympathy. He is too cold; his address, like his style, is rather too formal. He chills newcomers; there is no expansive warmth about him as there is about Mr. Gladstone. Without meaning to be unkind—and you do not want to know much about John Morley before you hear of numberless good offices done by him to beginners—he gives the impression of intellectual self-absorption. Then, too, he has been a scholar nearly all his life, and a little wants the knowledge of men and affairs, power of rapid initiative, the gift of seizing a big chance and using it which mark the statesman. Yet these seeming defects may be merely superficial. I have said that his manner, like his face, is somewhat cold, yet it was of him an intimate friend said that he would rather have John Morley as a companion on a desert island than anybody else in the world. His present life is still new to him, and as you see him walk through the lobby, or hear him talking politics at a dinner-table, you realise that he has still got the student's mantle wrapped round his shoulders. But it is slipping off by degrees, and some time, perhaps, Liberals will be able to say of him that he is all their fancy painted him.

### "Labby" as Leader.

To crown all the talk about new leaders, there comes from the *Pall Mall Gazette*

the suggestion that possibly a successor to Mr. Gladstone may be found in the person of Mr. Labouchere. I fancy no one would smile more than the genial cynic of Pope's Villa at such an idea. As a leader of guerilla warfare Mr. Labouchere is unequalled: as the leader of a party he is impossible. He is too cynical in mental habit and speech, too irresponsible, too fond of his joke and his little ways. People, of course, say that he is insincere; but there they are mistaken. "Labby" is the last man in the world to pretend to believe in any man, woman, or thing when he has reason for distrust. On the other hand, he believes in his cause, although perhaps he disbelieves very thoroughly in everything else. He, an aristocrat, has the greatest contempt for and dislike of his own class, and of their rule, social and political. He often says and affects to think that democracy may be the ruin of us, but he is much more certain that aristocracies are played out.

### His Habits.

Personally, Mr. Labouchere, the *flâneur*, the retailer of smoking-room stories, the man who has seen more "life"—diplomatic, political, social—than perhaps any man of his years in Europe, is one of the most simple of individuals. He is a teetotaler and a sparing eater. His one vice is cigarette-smoking. The cigarette is never out of his mouth, and his friends warn him that he is wasting away his nerves and appetite. A rich man, he is careful of his money. He is an inveterate first-nighter, and his wife still retains her exquisite gifts as a comedian. He is one of the pleasantest and most good-natured of human beings, having no hatreds if he has few strong loves, and is universally popular. He takes little or no exercise, has a very fine house in Grosvenor-square, and does not spend a quarter of his income.

### "Strangers in the Gallery."

I see that a stranger in the gallery in the House of Commons called, on Monday night, for "Three cheers for William O'Brien!" Interruptions of this kind, though, of course, rendering the offender liable for instant removal, are frequent. A speech by Mr. Gladstone is often followed by cheers and clappings of the hands from the strangers' quarters. Interruptions and even oaths have been heard. Handkerchiefs are occasionally waved. On the floor of the House new members, not knowing the rule against applause, clap their hands and cry "Bravo!" in place of the conventional "Hear, hear." Individual cheers are easily distinguishable. Mr. Healy's cheer is a deep bass growl; Sir Robert Fowler's is a resonant "Yah, yah"; Mr. Gladstone's is a fine baritone note, which can be heard all over the House, and is accompanied by a vigorous wagging of the head; Lord Randolph's is a passionate, taunting cry; Mr. Biggar's is a nasal squeak; and Dr. Tanner's is an Irish yell. THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

## FACTS AND FACES.

Sir H. Drummond Wolff

has figured so prominently in the reception of the Shah that a few particulars as to his services, in addition to those published last week, may be of interest. The above is a good likeness of her Majesty's Minister to the Shah—the blonde and genial diplomatist who has amply justified the confidence reposed in him by the late Lord Beaconsfield and by Lord Salisbury. In his cocked hat and official uniform, Sir Henry was conspicuous on Monday on the deck of the gorgeously adorned Duke of Edinburgh saloon-boat, whereon the Shah made the lively from Gravesend to Westminster, in the lively company of the Prince of Wales. From his sojourn at Teheran, Sir Henry is doubtless familiar with the tastes of the Persian Ruler, and to his recommendation may be attributed the sumptuous appointments of the Royal boat, and the comfort, which made the Shah fairly beam with pleasure as he "pulled himself together," and arranged his moustache, and adjusted his spectacles, before landing at the brightly bedizened Westminster Pier. From the Thames to Buckingham Palace the Shah's progress was an unqualified success. If the populace experienced some disappointment at the absence from the Shah's hat of the well-remembered diamond aigrette which filled London with admiration in 1873, there was the hollow-checked King himself to gaze upon; and gaze on him the public did, as he stiffly sat in the Royal carriage next the smiling Prince of Wales, faced by Prince Albert Victor and Prince George of Wales. A really brilliant pageant was formed by the cortège of Royal carriages, resplendent with scarlet and gold hammer-cloths, and coachmen and footmen in scarlet and gold coats, and horsed by the finest horses the Duke of Portland could select from the Queen's stables. The flu-fluing breastplates of the Life Guards' escort, the "thin red line" of Guards, and the smart bodies of guardians in blue, must have filled even the stolid Shah with admiration. Sir Henry

The last new American invention is to be called the "Far-Sight Machine." It is not a telescope, or a pair of opera-glasses, or a microscope of "double extra-million magnifying power," or a variety of the magic lantern; for these things cannot see round a corner of the globe. It is a downright diabolical piece of scientific witchcraft which is to increase the range of vision by hundreds of miles, so that, for instance, "a man in New York could see the features of his friend in Boston with as much ease as he could see a performance on the stage."—*Daily paper.*

*Mr. Stock Broker*, having torn himself away from his wife and mother-in-law for a few days to go to Henley on important business, inadvertently leaves his Far-Sight Machine unlocked.

Awful effect on *Mrs. S. B.* after looking through the said machine.

HENLEY AND THE MARCH OF SCIENCE.

Drummond Wolff, though he had little or nothing to do with the admirable military and police arrangements, probably felt relieved of some share of anxiety when the Princess received the Shah at the Palace, and there was a welcome interval for rest. Sir Henry, finally, deserves every credit for his adroitly performed services in Teheran, where he influenced the Shah to issue a decree granting extraordinary freedom to trade, with the commendable view of opening up the resources of Persia to the civilised world.

### The Shah's Round of Pleasure

this week included a visit to the Queen at Windsor Castle on Tuesday and the Royal Italian Opera Fête; the hospitable reception by the Corporation of the City of London on Wednesday, in honour of which Fleet-street burst into bunting as early as Monday evening; and the jaunt with the Prince to Kempton Park races; but I'll be bound the Shah will relish most of all Saturday's excursion to the Crystal Palace, the manager of which, Mr. Henshaw Russell, has issued a most attractive programme. There will be a grand Rose Show to gratify the keen scent of the public, a musical festival in the Shah's honour, and a magnificent Display of Fireworks by Brock such as could not be equalled in any Pleasure-Gardens in the world. The Shah, if he be wise, will also witness Fairy-land realised—the enchanting illumination of the grounds, with the lamplit Rosery and the fiery outline of the Tower-bridge across the lake; and will be transported to the classic times by personally viewing the latest triumph in the way of pastoral ballet achieved by Mr. Oscar Barrett and Madame Katti Lanner. Set in a natural amphitheatre, the open-air stage is a veritable haunt of fairies, whilst "A Golden Dream" is being enacted. The beauteous costumes designed by Wilhelm, the wonderful play of coloured lights on the intricate revels of the coryphées, the lively music of Oscar Barrett, and the piquant dancing of clever little Miss Louisa Loveday as Flora, form a terpsichorean fête such as the public, Prince, and Shah will find irresistibly fascinating on a fine summer's night.

### Mr. Spurgeon as a Wedding Guest.

The humorous remarks made by the popular preacher the other day respecting the Stockwell Orphanage recalled to my mind something that took place at a wedding where Mr. Spurgeon was a guest. It was at a villa in the outskirts of Sydenham, and the genial visitor had been one of the gayest of the party; when, just before the young couple were about to start for their honeymoon trip, Mr. Spurgeon said, "I must leave you now, my friends, having an appointment to keep in town; but before I go, if you don't object, I will offer up a few words of prayer." At that moment a bell attracted the attention of our hostess, who inquired of the servant if it was a visitor calling. "Only the young man with the bread," was the reply, in that ghostly whisper which is always heard so distinctly. Instantly Mr. Spurgeon called out, in hearty but commanding tones, "Let the baker pray also"; and the astonished young man put down his basket and dropped upon his knees on the doormat, while, in a few brief but earnest sentences, Mr. Spurgeon invoked the blessings of Heaven on the newly-married pair, and then, with further kind wishes, took his leave. A guest then proposed his health, and to the toast, "Mr Spurgeon, and God bless him!" we drained our glasses, amid cheers that made the villa echo from roof to basement.

### Braggadocio.

I do not think I ever met a man who had a greater contempt for brag and pretence than the late Mr. Blagrove, the violinist. I was with him at a concert, once, at the Hanover-square Rooms, when there was a wretched attendance—in fact, the concert itself was a very poor one; but the concert-giver, who knew Mr. Blagrove slightly, came up to him and talked largely about his grand friends who had paid for tickets and had not used them. "Oh, I see," remarked Mr. Blagrove quietly, "they paid their half-guineas to be excused from coming."

### Journalistic Blunders.

I walked into the office of a journal to which I contribute frequently one day last week, and found the editor in a great rage. There was an error in the report of the "Land Transfer Bill" debate, and everything had to be delayed, as they were going to press in consequence. But in my early days of journalism I made a worse blunder than that, and it was not discovered until next day, when it was in circulation all over England. This is how it came about. I had called at the office, and the sub-editor said in feverish haste (sub-editors are always in a hurry), "Here, go up to Highgate, and give us an account of the funeral. Go at once, you will be just in time." Nothing offends a sub-editor like asking questions. I made no remark, but started, did my work, and called again at the office next day. "A pretty mess you made of it," growled my chief. "What have I done?" I inquired, "Wasn't it a good article?" "Capital"—then he added with a savage grin, "Only you *described the wrong funeral!*"

### A Novel Prescription.

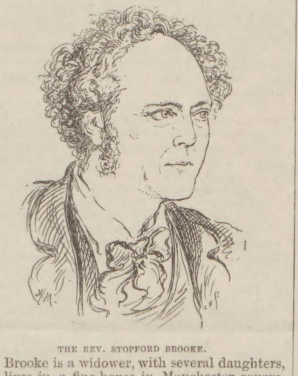
A lady told me the following anecdote of a very fashionable physician who has frequently caused amusement, and sometimes a little terror, to his lady patients by his outspoken advice. The lady was anxious about her daughter, as there had been consumption in the family, and, with motherly solicitude, the daughter had been petted until the young lady really thought herself an invalid. Mother and daughter saw the great man, who requested the young lady to leave him while he spoke a few words to her mamma, which were to this effect, "Don't let your daughter lie on the sofa reading novels; don't let her go to dances until three or four in the morning; let her take more exercise—walking, gardening, cooking, work of any kind. For amusement she can play lawn-tennis, and row a boat up the river, or drive a tricycle. That's the only prescription. There is no fee; good morning." And the great man touched his bell for the next visitor.

### Nathalie Armfeldt.

A writer in the July *Century* tells us that the women who have taken active part in some of the most terrible tragedies of the last fifteen years, and who have shown a power of endurance and a stern inflexibility of character rarely found in men, are delicate girls from eighteen to twenty-five, who might be taken for teachers in Sunday-schools or timid pupils from a female seminary. One of the most remarkable of these girls is Nathalie Armfeldt, who was the daughter of a prominent Russian General, now dead. Her family was a wealthy and aristocratic one, and both Miss Armfeldt and her mother were friends of the famous Russian novelist Count Tolstoi. Ten years ago, when quite a girl, she was arrested whilst attending a revolutionary meeting, and she was sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude and exile to Siberia for life. Here, amid abject surroundings, with her aged mother voluntarily sharing her fate, the *Century* correspondent found her. Very beautiful she is, we are told, and very cultivated. I should like to know if it is not possible for English people to approach the Czar upon such a case as this. Our own Royal family is connected by marriage with the Russian Imperial house. Monarchy would have a new lustre in the eyes of Englishmen if it could in this way temper the severity of the Russian anti-Nihilist crusade.

### Stopford Brooke.

One of the most agreeable personalities in London literary life is



THE REV. STOPFORD BROOKE.

Mr. Brooke is a widower, with several daughters, and lives in a fine house in Manchester-square. The friend who wants to find him during the day has to climb flight after flight of stairs, decorated with valuable Turner and Rossetti engravings; finally he reaches on the top floor a charming suite of rooms where the sounds of the street hardly penetrate, but where Mr. Brooke, surrounded by a magnificent library of rare editions and handsome bindings, is pursuing his studies in Anglo-Saxon literature, preparatory to the writing of a "History of English Poetry." Mr. Brooke is one of the handsomest men I have ever met, with fine forehead, and a head suggestive in many ways of the poetic temperament. He was a great favourite of the Dowager Empress of Germany whilst her Chaplain at Berlin; and his after-position as Chaplain to the Queen might have led to a bishopric, had he not left the Anglican Church. Mr. Stopford Brooke has the misfortune to be a preacher, or he would have been in the first rank of English literary men. Preaching tends to diffusiveness, and is ruinous to good literary construction. Nevertheless, he takes rank with Professor Dowden as one of the first of living critics. The above sketch is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry.

### "The Tyranny of Science."

I am glad to note the brilliant success which attended the Mansion House meeting on behalf of the Pasteur Institute. The opinion of those who have studied the subject is overwhelmingly with the Lord Mayor and the well-informed gathering of Monday. In this connection I was sorry to see a very silly article in a London evening paper the other day on "The Tyranny of Science." This paper professes, whether rightly or wrongly, to be some ten years in advance of the age on political topics; but it is at least thirty years behind the age as regards its science. It would be interesting to know if the writer of the article has ever read a scientific book in his life. It is not, of course, desirable to follow blindly in the wake of Sir James Paget, Sir Henry Roscoe, and the rest. But the best test of the power of M. Pasteur might be found in the haste with which these shrieking anti-scientists would scuttle over to the Pasteur Institute the moment they were bitten by a dog. But they, we may be sure, would arrive too late. M. Louis Pasteur is the son of a tanner. He is sixty-seven years of age.

### Carlyle's Predictions.

It was stated the other day that none of the predictions of the "Sage of Chelsea" was ever fulfilled. That is quite a mistaken idea. In a letter to his friend Neuberg, before the rupture with Austria, he emphatically prophesied the triumphs of Germany; and in another, dated July 21, 1859, he says of Napoleon III.:—"Among human mountebanks of a sanguine and atrocious nature, I have seen none surer of a bad end."

THE PROMPTER.

## EMIGRANTS' INFORMATION OFFICE.

THIS quarter's official Circulars—relating to Canada, the Australasian and South African Colonies—have just been issued; and a poster, giving a summary, is exhibited in every post-office. The only change since the April Circular in the grant of passages is in the case of Natal, which now grants assisted passages to nominated emigrants. Queensland is the principal colony which gives assistance to emigrants, but limits it to the classes of single female servants and selected unmarried agricultural labourers. This quarter is very suitable for going to Australia or South Africa; but emigrants, except female servants, should not go to Canada much after July, unless going to friends.

Farmers with capital and female servants will find openings in all the Colonies; agricultural labourers in Canada (till the middle of August only), New South Wales, Victoria, and some districts of New Zealand; and to a less degree in Queensland, Western Australia, and Tasmania; general labourers and navvies in parts of Canada, for the next few weeks only; railway navvies in Natal; and miners in parts of Canada and New Zealand.

Owing to the continued rush to the gold-fields of the South African Republic, there is now some demand in Cape Colony and Natal for mechanics generally, but mainly for men in the building trades, blacksmiths, wagon-makers, &c.; there is also some demand at present for mechanics in a few districts of Canada. The circulars may be obtained, *free of cost*, from the office, 31, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.; and ten separate handbooks, one for each Colony, and each containing a map, and a professional handbook, at 1d. each, post-free, or the eleven bound together, at 1s. 6d. The 1889 editions are now all ready. A new handbook, dealing with British Statutes on emigration, will be issued in August.

**The Prince and Princess of Wales**, Prince Albert Victor, Prince George, and Princesses Victoria and Maud, were present at a ball given by the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, at Hampden House, last Monday night. Lady Emily Kingscote, Major-General Ellis, and Captain Holford were in attendance.

**A Smack Run Down.**—News was received at Lowestoft on Tuesday morning that the smack Samuel and Emma, owned by Mr. William Davis, had been run down in the North Sea by a Leith steamer. The crew of the smack had just time to get into their small boat when she sank. They were afterwards taken on board the steamer, and went on to Leith. A dense fog prevailed at the time the smack was run down.

TO OVERCOME WEAKNESS.—PEPPER'S QUININE AND IRON TONIC gives new life, health, strength, and energy. In 2s. 6d. Bottles. Everywhere. Insist on having Pepper's.—[ADVT.]

A FAIR, BEAUTIFUL SKIN.—SULPHOLINE SOAP gives the natural tint, and makes the skin smooth, supple, healthy, comfortable. 6d. tablets. Everywhere.—[ADVT.]

A HENLEY IDYL: WON BY A LENGTH.

## MUSIC & THE DRAMA

THE Shah is *the* personage of the hour; and, if his dusky Majesty could have his way, no doubt Mr. Augustus Harris would become his chosen impresario at Teheran. For there was more than an Oriental wealth of luxury in the floral embellishments of the Royal Italian Opera House, Covent-garden, on the occasion of the Shah's State visit last Tuesday night. The utmost good taste was displayed in decorating the vestibule with a rich profusion of palms and ferns, lilies and geraniums, and other English flowers. The grand staircase was similarly adorned, and the foyer presented a radiant and enchanting sight, the handsome room being transformed into a veritable Kew Gardens-like conservatory, with a variety of gay and bright parterres thrown into the bargain. It was from this fairy grove that the bediamonded and bejewelled Shah and his suite entered the large central box, especially draped in the most charming style for this brilliant fête, under the supervision of Mr. Harris's clever sister. Add a theatre full of the loveliest gentlewomen and most distinguished men in town, including the Prince and Princess of Wales and their amiable family; imagine each lady with a beautiful bouquet, the gift of the management, and it will be admitted that the spectacle, of which the Shah was the centre of interest, would be hard to surpass. The musical entertainment was worthy the glowing house. It comprised the overture from "William Tell"; Madame Albani, the brothers De Reszké, and M. Lassalle in the fourth act of "Faust"; Madame Melba in a scene from "Lucia"; Miss Maggie Macintyre in a scene from "Mefistofele"; the British and Persian National Anthems; and a concert to display the vocal abilities of Mesdames Marie Roze, Nordica, and Melba, and of that delightful and captivating songstress Miss Ella Russell. I only trust the Shah will not be spoilt by so much fêting.

The short season of Italian Opera at Her Majesty's has collapsed. Mr. Mapleson has had another unproductive innings. It remains to be seen what the new Syndicate will do at the same theatre.

Mr. Irving having terminated the Summer season of "Macbeth" at the Lyceum (promising the impressive revolutionary drama of "The Dead Heart" on his reopening night in the autumn), this fashionable theatre comes again into the hands of enterprising M. Mayer. The first performance in London of Verdi's "Otello," with Signor Tamagno as the Moor, Signor Maurel as Iago, and Signora Cataneo as Desdemona, takes place at the Lyceum on the current Friday night. And the incomparable Sarah Bernhardt appears here in "Lena" on July 9.

Hosts of theatre-goers who feel grateful to Mrs. Stephens for the laughter occasioned by her famous creation of Mrs. Willoughby in "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" will assuredly take tickets for her farewell benefit. On behalf of this esteemed lady, the best of our actors and actresses in town will appear next Tuesday afternoon at the Shaftesbury, kindly loaned by Mr. Willard and Mr. Lart.

Yet another of the stars that flicker, flicker, and disappear! Adelina Patti's sister Carlotta died in Paris on June 28.

Programme notes: Fair, slender, and with a comely face, Miss Alice Chapin has a sweet, small voice, and should do well in comedy-drama; but not in such heroic parts as "Virginia" yet awhile. Met Mr. and Mrs. John Douglass at this Globe matinée: full of Mrs. John's new farcical comedy, "My Uncle." "Her Father" has been bought for Australia and the States. Conventional in the extreme is the Comedy novelty from America, "The Tigress"; but Miss Kate Forsyth and Miss Amy Roselle charming! We all owe Mrs. Burnett a deep debt of gratitude; but sorry to say her "Phyllis" didn't strike ile at the Globe on Monday, albeit Miss Alma Murray and Miss Norreys were delightful.

THESPIS.

# A GAME OF BLUFF.

BY HENRY MURRAY,

Author of "Monkey-Mephisto," and Joint Author of "A Dangerous Catspaw."

## CHAPTER VI.

Ralph walked away from the club in a kind of dull, cold rage at the badness of his luck and his own incurable folly. He was so hard hit that it scarcely seemed worth while to swear at himself or the fate which so persistently pursued him. He walked on, not caring in what direction his steps might lead him, until he found himself in the Strand. He paused at the door of one of

*He paused at the door of one of the theatres and absently, with no understanding of what he read, perused the play-bill hanging there.*

the theatres and absently, with no understanding of what he read, perused the play-bill hanging there. He was so occupied when he heard himself called by name; and, turning, beheld Michael.

"Seen the paper?" asked that worthy.

"What paper?" demanded Ralph in return.

"Why, what I told you about yesterday. Blest if he haint gone and forgot it! Why, what's gone with your 'ed, guvnor? Peppercorn, *you* know," Michael lowered his voice to a husky wheeze. "It's in."

He drew the paper from his pocket, and pointed to the paragraph. It announced that a rumour had reached the office to the effect that Peppercorn, entered for the Goldmore Plate, had strained a muscle during his morning run on the preceding day.

"He'll be at forty to one to-morrow, you see if he ain't," wheezed Michael. "Now tell me I don't know anythink."

Ralph handed him back the paper, and moved on with a curt nod. He had no desire to be seen by any chance acquaintance in company with this shabby relative by marriage. Michael kept pace with him.

"You take my tip. He's a certainty. Put it on—go nap on him. You'll never regret it."

"Good evening," said Ralph.

Michael dropped back obediently, and Ralph strolled on. He had temporarily forgotten Michael's tip. The fulfilment of his prophecy regarding the paragraph was certainly good evidence that he was in the secrets of Peppercorn's stable. As he walked on, Ralph began to calculate the possible profits from an investment of the remnant of his capital. It was certainly no use to attempt to quiet his creditors with so very small a sum. What they would do if their last appeals remained unanswered Ralph did not know, and he tried his best to persuade himself that he did not greatly care. At the present odds there was three thousand to be made if Peppercorn got first past the post. At the price Michael anticipated as probable to-morrow it would be four, and he had spoken of fifty to one as procurable, which would make the thousands five. The hundred pounds were literally of no use to him as things stood, they were not worth the trouble of carrying about with him. He would see in the morning. He felt that he could not go down to Becksford that night and lie to Tom. His face would betray him. He would sleep in town, see the price quoted about Peppercorn in the morning, and try to arrange some means of persuading his creditors to be quiet.

He dispatched a telegram to his cousin, "Detained in town," and passed a dismal hour or two in strolling about the streets before he went to bed at an hotel in the Strand, where he tossed uneasily through the night, and only succeeded in getting to sleep as the rest of the world was waking. He sent the waiter out for a morning paper before he rose, and saw that Michael's prophecy regarding Peppercorn's price had been fulfilled. There was even a paragraph in the gossiping column to the effect that the horse, whose prices had been shortening, and which had been spoken of in some quarters as promising to develop into a dangerous rival to more popular favourites, might almost be considered as out of the running. This seemed to be rather overdoing it, to Ralph's mind; but he went out to the club and to two or three other places, and laid cautiously here and there till his funds were exhausted, and finally took train to Becksford in anything but jubilant spirits.

There was an air of unwonted bustle about the house when he arrived there. One of the men was nailing up a heavy packing-case in the stable-yard, and inside the house there was a great calling of voices and running up and down stairs.

"Sir Thomas would be glad to see you for a moment, Sir," said the butler. "You'll find him in the library."

Wondering what this might portend, Ralph went to wait upon his cousin, whom he found shirt-sleeved, and writing apparently for dear life. He raised his head for a second as Ralph entered, nodded to him with a brief salutation, and tossed a letter across the desk. It was a short and urgent summons to Limehouse, off which the craft in which Tom was to cross to Africa was lying, and was signed "John Groves."

"You go to-day?" asked Ralph.

"Yes," Tom answered, without raising his head; "I clear out finally to-day. I'm almost ready, and I may as well take my traps with me. Less trouble than coming back for 'em. Sit down for a minute, old man; I'll talk to you presently."

He wrote on for a little time in silence, referring now and then to one or two among the scattered documents about him.

"Just witness this, will you? Put your name here. Never mind reading it now; I'm in a hurry. I want you to deliver this personally. It's an agreement with Banks, at the mill, about the six-acre. Tell him you'll give him the answer about the other matter in a day or two. You'll see what he wants from this." He handed him another letter. "Ask Arkinstall about it. You may say that the proposal seems fair enough to me." He pulled his jacket on, and looked at his watch. "Just go and see if the trap's ready, there's a good old fellow, while I get these things together. I've only half an hour to catch the 4.10."

He bustled into the stable-yard almost at Ralph's heels, laden with oddments of luggage.

"Jump in, old chap. Good-bye, all." He waved his hat to the men about the yard, who responded in kind, with a cheer and cries of "Good luck, Sir Thomas!" "Come back soon, Sir!" He was silent for a little time, and turned back more than once to look at the house as it sank behind the encircling trees, and gave something like a sigh as its last corner disappeared at a bend of the road. He had had but little happiness there for years past, but it was home, and he had not known how strongly the fibres of his heart had grown about it. He began to talk presently with a suspicious liveliness, giving multitudinous hints and directions for the discharge of Ralph's duties.

"Come, old fellow!" he cried, clapping Ralph on the shoulder, as they stood upon the platform as the train approached, "find a livelier face than that to send me off with. This may not be 'Good-bye,' after all. I was thinking, that if we're another day or two in the river we might have a final jollification together—Dick and Arkinstall and Elsie and you. That would be jolly, eh?"

"Very," said Ralph. "Very jolly!"

Tom clapped him on the shoulder again, touched by what he took to be his cousin's sorrow at their parting. He was not wholly wrong, but that was a small part of the cause of Ralph's discomfort. Tom shook hands warmly with him.

"Don't forget to take Banks his agreement, and read his letter before you go. You might do it this afternoon. The trap would take you over in half an hour."

He stood at the carriage-window and waved his hat until the train was out of sight, Ralph faint-heartedly responding. But Banks did not get his agreement that day, nor did Ralph go home in the carriage. He dismissed the driver alone, and strolled moodily across the fields. Coming to a spot at which a clump of willow and alder made a shade at the bend of a brook, he threw himself on the turf, and lay, plucking up handfuls of grass and biting at them with a savage moodiness. He had put the agreement into his jacket-pocket, and now he took it out and read it, absently, and with no appreciation of its meaning, till he came to Tom's signature. When last he had seen those two words, "Thomas Purden," in the pikehead-and-swordblade fist in which they were written here, they had been worth over three hundred and fifty pounds to him, and had meant comparative comfort and peace of mind. He returned the paper to his pocket, and betook himself to biting the grass again, getting more moodily savage at every passing moment.

A little laugh, startlingly near at hand, roused him from his comfortless meditations, and he looked up to see Elsie standing just inside the line of shadow cast by the trees.

"Good day, Mr. Hermit," she said, entering his retreat; "how awfully glum you look!"

"I feel glum," returned Ralph, with his eyes on the ground.

"I've been watching you ever so long," said Elsie. "I saw you with a paper in your hand, and thought you were writing verses. Have you turned poet, Ralph? That would explain any amount of melancholy, judging from the only one I ever met. He was our dancing-master at Paris. It seems a funny combination, doesn't it? M. Achille Amédée Quinçampoix, poète et maître de danse. He said I was the only girl in the school who had any soul—I suppose because I was the only one who would listen to his poetry."

Ralph went on tearing at the grass.

"Can't you find a rhyme?" continued Elsie. "Read it, and I'll help you." He rolled over with a gesture of anger. "Why, Ralph, what is it?"

"Nothing that you can help in," he answered, in a tone of savage boredom. He glanced at her a moment after, and saw her biting her lip, with a face half scared and half indignant. She was not used to being spoken to in that fashion, and that Ralph should be the transgressor seemed doubly strange and painful. "I beg your pardon," he added sulkily. "It is very kind of you to ask, and I'm an ill-tempered beast. You are not offended?" he asked, rolling back and touching her hand, and speaking in a different voice. "I should be sorry, indeed, if I hurt *you*. I have need of some creature's friendship, God knows."

There was no indignation in her face now, only pity for the unknown trouble which had so changed one who had always been so uniformly gentle with her.

"I ought to beg your pardon for being silly," she said. "Is it anything serious?"

"Serious enough," answered Ralph.

"Tell me what it is," she said, wishing, womanlike, to share any trouble which touched her hero. "Even if I can't help, it is always a relief. What is wrong?"

"It's all wrong," said Ralph.

"Let me try if I can guess," said Elsie. "Let me see; what are the things that cause all the trouble in the world? Money? Yes, I suppose that is the commonest. I'll take that first. Is it money, Ralph?"

"Yes," he said; "partly. Principally."

"But you ought not to be poor now, Ralph. You are to have five hundred a year, papa says, when Tom goes. Isn't that a good deal?"

"It would be," he answered, "but"—— He groaned, and plunged down in the grass again.

"But what?" asked his companion.

"I owe such a frightful lot, and the beggars won't wait," said Ralph. "I've made an ass of myself, Elsie, and don't deserve your sympathy."

"Couldn't you borrow some money?" she suggested. "Why, it must be quite easy. I saw in the *Times* the other day a lot of advertisements from people who have money to lend. They seemed quite anxious to lend it. Why don't you go to one of them?"

Even in the depth of his perplexity Ralph could not help a forlorn grin at this adorable simplicity. The *bêtise* of a pretty woman is always charming.

"What are you laughing at?" she asked.

"There's a great financier lost in you, Elsie," said Ralph. "I've often heard of women with a genius for business, but I never met one before."

"I don't like to be laughed at," said Elsie, "especially when I'm trying to advise you. If you can't go to those people why don't you ask Tom? I'm sure he'd help you."

"Tom's gone," said Ralph. Exasperation at his own folly in nullifying his cousin's kindness, and not ingratitude for it, caused him to evade the confession of Tom's generosity of yesterday.

"Gone?" repeated the girl. "Gone where?"

"Gone to Africa—or at least, to Limehouse."

"Limehouse?" she repeated. "Why, that's in South America. Oh no! That's Lima, isn't it? Where is Limehouse?"

"In London, on the river. The boat's waiting there, and Groves, the commander of the expedition, wired for him to-day. He may start to-night, or to-morrow, for all I know. Besides," he added, "it would seem so awfully greedy, and—and"—"caddish" was on his tongue's end, but he avoided it, and substituted "unfriendly"—"it would seem so unfriendly to bother him when he had just given me a berth with five hundred a year. Wouldn't it? Don't you think so?"

"I suppose it would," she admitted, and sat with her pretty brows thoughtfully arched, while Ralph silently observed her.

"It does seem hard," she said presently, "when there is so much money in the world, and so many people who have so much that they don't know what to do with it, that anybody should be bothered for the want of it." Ralph did not seem to find any great amount of consolation in this original reflection. "I really feel quite mean sometimes when I go about and see how many poor people there are who must work every day of their lives for so little, and think of all I shall have some day, and papa going on making more for me." Ralph groaned again, and the sound called her from the region of general speculation. "Ah!" she added softly, but with more feeling than she knew, "if I had it *now*—" she paused, with a flush and a pretty drooping of her eyelids.

"If you had it now—?" repeated Ralph, coming with an easy motion nearer to her. "What, if you had it now?"

"Why," she answered, in as matter-of-fact a tone of sisterly friendship as she could summon at such short notice, though the blush still flickered on her cheek and contradicted it with a tenderer meaning. "I would lend you what you wanted, and you could pay those people, and set to work here quite happily, and pay me back in a little time."

"Ah!" said Ralph with a laugh, and taking her hand again, "that would be a way out of the difficulty, wouldn't it? Only, doesn't it occur to you that if you had the money now I probably shouldn't have made you my confidante? Or, if I did, that I shouldn't accept the money?"

"If you did make me your confidante you would certainly take the money," said Elsie. "That is all rubbish. I wonder people haven't more sense than to set up that kind of barrier between friends, because they happen simply to be of different sexes. Why shouldn't I help you? We have known each other all our lives. If I were in trouble, you would help me."

"Wouldn't I!" said Ralph. "But that's a different thing."

"It isn't at all a different thing," said Elsie, "if you will look at it sensibly. It's part of the injustice men are always heaping on women. You are too proud to accept at our hands a service you would think it a positive duty to do for us. We must take all and give nothing, and be children all our lives, and be petted and protected, and never allowed the luxury of generosity."

In her eloquent preoccupation regarding this specimen of the manifold wrongs of her sex she had feigned to be unaware that Ralph had taken her hand in his own. When she ceased speaking she tried to withdraw it, but his grasp tightened a little, and she let it remain.

"My sex will not monopolise generosity while you are alive," he said, with his eyes on her face. "You're a dear good girl, Elsie." He put his arm round her waist, and kissed her. She flushed scarlet, and rose and walked away with a great outward semblance of dignity, though she was conscious of a rapid trembling in all her limbs. The act once done, Ralph grew frightened himself, and sat for a minute looking after her. Then he rose and followed her.

"You're not offended?" he asked, as he caught her up. She made no answer, but walked on with averted face. "I couldn't help it," said Ralph, desperately. "I was so awfully miserable and lonely, and you came and sympathised with me. I was wrong. I beg your pardon. It seemed as if we were children together again. You're not angry, are you?"

He took her hand and felt his pressure returned very slightly. They walked on side by side in a silence which Ralph found miserable enough, till they came to a gate at which their homeward paths diverged. He took her hand again, and the girl flushed and trembled anew at his anticipated speech, but he said nothing, walking away after a single hungry, furtive

*He looked up to see Elsie standing just inside the line of shadow cast by the trees.*

silence at her. He did not once look back, but went on with his head drooping, until he passed out of sight. Elsie went home and slipped unperceived into her bedroom, where her nameless feelings of many emotions found expression in a long, satisfying cry. It seemed strange to her, little schoolgirl as she was in the mysteries of that phase of existence on which she had entered, that Ralph should have said so much and yet so little. But her shaken nerves calmed by woman's universal panacea, she answered the summons of the dinner-bell as blithely as a lark, and rather puzzled her father by an unwonted exuberance of affection, in which there somehow seemed a touch of regret, as if she were trying to make peace with him for some undiscovered fault. She felt already the rivalship which must needs exist between a girl's father and her lover, and was anxious to prove that she had affection enough to satisfy the needs of both. Ralph loved her, or why had he kissed her? Young men had a variety of foolish and unaccountable habits, but they didn't kiss girls they didn't—care about.

*(To be continued.)*

SKETCH OF ROWLANDSON'S "SIX-IN-HAND," FROM THE EXHIBITION OF PICTURES BY ART HUMOURISTS.

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## ART FOR THE PEOPLE

How often has it been said and written that all good art reflects the age and country in which it is produced! This is especially true of the art of caricature, the only merit of which sometimes is, as with a mirror, the clearness and fidelity of its reflections. I remember Henry James speaks somewhere of the strange familiarity with which everything in London struck him when he first came to this country, simply because for years he had known and loved and studied his *Punch*.

It is the insight they give us into the amusements and manners of our forefathers which makes Rowlandson's drawings at the Exhibition of Art Humourists so valuable. They are a good proof, too, that in his play, as in his work, John Bull is essentially a conservative. English amusements have changed but little in the last hundred years.

The subject delineated in Rowlandson's "Six-in-Hand" has always been in favour with artists. Mr. Muybridge, in the lectures he lately gave at South Kensington on the action of animals in walking, had much to say which was interesting about the horse in art. If you want to learn how wonderfully it can be made to serve the decorative artist, go to the British Museum and study the Parthenon frieze; if you want to see what can be done with it when treated realistically, go to Dulwich and look at the pictures by Dutch and Flemish artists which hang in the gallery there. I mention both these places because for you they are so easy of access; there is no use in sending you for models to the Louvre or to Rome, or to any of the great Continental galleries.

For the same reason, when I come to the horse in modern art I refer you to drawings by Frederick Remington in the *Century*, which you can so readily see every month. I have just received the July number, and find in it an admirable article by him called "On the Indian Reservations."

Mr. Remington is an American, and was, I believe, either a Harvard or a Yale man. But, after his college days were over, he went West, where he spent several years in the wilds, learning, as one always must out there, much about ranch-life and horses, and cowboys and Indians. For the last three or four years he has been giving the record of his Western experiences in the American magazines, chiefly in the *Century*, of which his drawings are among the most notable features.

In this last article, which, by-the-way, is written by himself, he has three or four drawings of horses standing quietly, and two or three of horses in action. The latter are wonderfully full of life and movement. They suggest—as his work usually does—Mr. Muybridge and instantaneous photographs. But if, as I think probable, he uses photographs, he gets from them very fine effects, as well as accuracy. Look, for example, at the "go" of the Indians galloping over the plain, leaving clouds of dust behind them, in the full-page cut on page 405. This is a wash drawing, but the greater part of Mr. Remington's work is in pen-and-ink, which technically he uses to better advantage. He has a good, strongly-marked style of his own.

Of course he works from sketches as well as photographs; he tells, this month, of the difficulty he encountered when he tried to make sketches of the Apaches, who, like the gipsies and all other wild creatures, object to having their picture taken, for fear of thus putting themselves in the power of the artist. But he adds: "We strolled among the horses and mules. They would let me sketch them, though I thought the half-wild beasts also shrank away from the baleful gaze of the white man with his bit of paper."

Frenchmen have been especially quick to see and appreciate the artistic possibilities of the theatre and theatrical effects. But there is an Englishman who is just now busy in the music-halls of London, showing that there is more to be seen in them than their most devoted frequenters ever realised. This is Mr. Walter Sickert, a member of the New English Art Club, to whose exhibitions for the last two years he has sent results of his studies in the music-halls. This year's picture is certainly very striking. An "artiste," as I suppose she would call herself, stands on the stage in light evening dress, in the full glare of the footlights. By comparison the rest of the stage and that part of the audience given are in shadow. The effect is strong and startling, and makes you feel that heretofore at such entertainments you have missed the best show of the evening. But the effect would be still better had not Mr. Sickert worked out, with apparently loving care, the hats of the audience, so that now they, especially one red one with a big ribbon bow, somewhat distract one's attention from the figure on the stage, where the effect should be concentrated.

It is as much in their choice of subjects as in their technical excellence that the members of this club are doing such good work in England. They are reminding a misguided generation that art to be good need not be literary nor preoccupied wholly with the past. Life and the world to-day are as pictorial as they ever were. The greatest masters of old, no matter what their subject, painted the people and things about them; he who would be a great master to-day must do likewise.

THE BOHEMIAN.

## HOW THE WORLD WAGS

THE betrothal is announced of H.R.H. Princess Louise, eldest daughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales, with the Earl of Fife, a Scotch nobleman of ancient family, and a great friend of the Prince. The Princess is twenty-two, and the Earl thirty-nine. The pair are already connected by ties of blood. Both are great-great-grandchildren of George III., and are, therefore, third cousins.

According to the omniscient gossips who are so frequently in the wrong, it was at one time thought that the Duke of Portland would become the husband of Princess Louise of Wales, and it is said that the Royal family were very much hurt by his marriage to Miss Dallas-Yorke. It is noted in this connection that the Prince and Princess of Wales were absent from England at the time of the ducal wedding and that her Majesty gave her Master of the Horse no present—not even the customary Indian shawl to his bride.

It is said that the next Royal betrothal will be between Prince Albert Victor and Princess Victoria, sister of the Emperor of Germany. Princess Victoria, it will be remembered, was to have married Prince Alexander of Battenberg, but the German Chancellor prevented the union.

The Shah of Persia arrived in England on Monday. He was met at Gravesend by the Prince of Wales, who accompanied him up the river. The Royal party disembarked at Westminster and proceeded to Buckingham Palace, where they were received by the Princess of Wales.

We are apparently in for a little trouble at Delagoa Bay, where, under the sanction of the Portuguese Government, many British and American capitalists have invested in a railway company which is in course of construction to the borders of the Transvaal. The Portuguese Government now proposes, on some slight technical point, to confiscate this railway; but three hundred of the employés have entrenched themselves at the railway depôt with the intention to hold it against the Portuguese until the arrival of assistance. In the House of Lords on Tuesday Lord Salisbury stated that three ships had been sent round to Delagoa Bay.

CAPTAIN STIRLING, THE RELEASED PRISONER OF CHILLON; AND THE POLICE SCRIMMAGE WITH THE SALVATION ARMY IN THE STRAND.

An exciting struggle took place in the Strand the other evening between the Salvation Army and the police. It had been determined to celebrate at Exeter Hall the release of a hundred or more prisoners who had suffered in different parts of England for the Salvationist cause. They came in procession through the City, accompanied by a number of mounted City police. Admirable order prevailed, and all seemed going well. Even after the jurisdiction of Colonel Monro and the Metropolitan police had been entered there seemed no reason to fear but that the "army" would encamp peacefully in Exeter Hall. But at Norfolk-street they were met by a body of police, who asked them to turn down a side street and walk in twos along the Embankment. This they declined to do, and a struggle ensued, in which several Salvationists were injured and a banner torn to pieces. Finally, the processionists entered the hall and held an enthusiastic meeting. It is General Booth's intention to take legal proceedings against the Police. Perhaps the most noteworthy of the ex-prisoners in the procession was Miss Stirling, famous for her recent incarceration in the Castle of Chillon.

The Princess of Wales has presented a bracelet set in diamonds to Miss Ellen Terry, in remembrance of the performance at Sandringham. The bracelet bears this inscription: "Ellen Terry, from Alexandra, Princess of Wales."

The christening of the infant son of Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg took place on Saturday at Windsor. The young Prince has received the name of Leopold Arthur Louis.

The little girl Neil who had her leg amputated on Friday week lost her father and mother in the Armagh railway disaster, but she is still ignorant of being an orphan. Her suspicions, however, seem to have been aroused, and she is asking how it is that her parents are not coming to see her. She says: "Everybody's mamma and papa are coming here but mine."

The Emperor of Russia, through his Ambassador, has requested the authorities of the English railways over which the Queen travels to furnish him with a description of the saloon and carriages and the length of the Royal train used in the conveyance of her Majesty.

Mr. Gladstone has been dining with Mr. Labouchere at his pleasant house, Pope's Villa, Twickenham. This is not the real original Pope's Villa, be it remembered. Pope's house has long since been destroyed, and another built upon the site. But the poet's grotto remains for the curious to inspect.

A large number of Irish members of Parliament have been examined before the Parnell Commission during the week; but perhaps the most exciting incident was at the cross-examination of Mr. Sexton, M.P. The Lord Mayor of Dublin stated that some years ago he was invited to join the Fenians. In spite of persistent inquiries as to who had asked him, he refused to tell the Attorney-General. "Rather," he said, "than disclose the name of any man who by my disclosure would be brought into a position subjecting himself to the penalties of the law, I would incur any of the penalties the Court has the power to inflict on me." And it really seemed for a moment as if he would be sent to prison; but the breeze was soon over. On Tuesday morning Mr. Michael Davitt made his first appearance in the box. The much beloved, the much abused one-handed Irishman showed himself as alert as a witness as he had done as counsel for himself.

It is stated that the rumours which have been current as to a settlement of the turf dispute were not entirely without justification. The Prince of Wales used his utmost endeavours to bring about an amicable settlement between the parties, but without success. The story goes that the negotiations, if such they may be termed, broke down on the question of costs, which are enormous, notwithstanding the resort to the comparatively cheap process of arbitration.

The adjudicators in the turf dispute awarded Sir George Chetwynd one farthing damages—a verdict which is assumed to imply that in his now famous speech at the Gimcrack Club Lord Durham overstated his case when he hinted that Sir George had won large stakes on horses which were successful, whilst not losing much when they were beaten. Sir George Chetwynd's statements, supported by the betting-books, have disproved this charge. On the other hand, the verdict cannot be construed as passing any serious condemnation on Lord Durham, for it implies that Sir George Chetwynd had connived at serious malpractices on the turf. Each party pays its own costs in the dispute.

A letter from Mr. Gladstone has been published in which he declares that the opposition of the Unionists to Irish Home Rule has given an impetus to the cry for Home Rule in Scotland and Wales.

Do not let us suppose that prize-fighting is an extinct pastime. A prize-fight, arranged between Chuffy Bayman, of Bristol, and Morgan Crowther, of Newport, commenced on Saturday last at Cliff Farm, near Lydney. A party arrived by rail at daybreak, and immediately formed a ring. The men had fought eleven rounds when the police appeared, and Crowther and a few others were arrested. Hayman escaped. Both combatants are light-weights, and neither appears to have been much injured. In America, a prize-fight is "on the carpet" between Kilrain and Sullivan.

Queen Christina of Spain has, says a Madrid correspondent, given another proof of her coolness and pluck which has created great enthusiasm among her soldiers. A detachment of the Royal Engineers, with their officers, were about to make a first trial of some military balloons recently purchased in France, and were working knee deep in mud in the Royal park, some miles outside Madrid, when suddenly a Royal carriage appeared, in which were seated the Queen, Countess Sorondegui (Mistress of the Robes), and Colonel Ayallon (aide-de-camp). The Queen picked her way, not easily, through the mud to where the Engineers were preparing the balloon, and she astonished everybody by saying that she had come for the express purpose of joining in the first ascent. Her lady-in-waiting declined to accompany her, when her Majesty lightly stepped into the balloon with Colonel Ayallon. The order was then given to let the cable go; and, held by two slender ropes, the balloon, bearing the Queen, the Colonel, and four soldiers, rose to a height of about 300 yards. After enjoying a splendid view of Madrid and its environs, her Majesty gave the signal to lower the balloon, which stopped ten yards from the ground to allow a photograph to be taken, and the Queen landed, welcomed by enthusiastic cheers from the soldiers. The balloon has been christened Marie Christina of Hapsburg.

Fourteen persons belonging to a wedding-party were taken violently ill the other day after dining in a restaurant at Tromblaine, near Nancy. One of them, a little girl of three, died in great pain after thirty-six hours, and several others are likely to die. The bridegroom and his uncle were the first who showed symptoms of poisoning; while the bride and two guests who left the table before a custard-cake was served escaped. The bride was engaged for two nights attending to her father, mother, and husband, who are still dangerously ill. How the poison got into the cake has not been ascertained.

It is not wise to look down a gun-barrel without knowing whether it is loaded. This is what Jane Barnett did the other day at a shooting gallery at Wallasley, in Cheshire. The gun went off, and the charge entered directly through the left eye into the skull. The poor girl died shortly afterwards.

Do not ride tall bicycles, but buy "safeties" or the still safer "trike." If Sidney Charles Fincham, of Camberwell, had done so he would be still alive. Whilst descending a hill the other day he came into collision with a tandem, and was thrown head first into the road. He died from concussion of the brain.

A boy named Robert Shepherd was summoned by the police, at Hammersmith Police-court, on the 28th ult., for riding a tricycle in Walmer-road, Notting-hill, during the period between one hour after sunset and an hour before sunrise without carrying a lamp on the machine to indicate its approach. The defendant said the light went out. The constable in the case stated that he did not see a lamp on the tricycle. Mr. Cooke said it was most important that the rules under the Act of Parliament should be carried out, as persons crossing a street were exposed to danger by tricycles and bicycles going along so noiselessly and rapidly. He thought they were worse than carriages and cabs, for persons were knocked down and seriously injured. The defendant was liable to a penalty of 40s. He was ordered to pay 8s. and 2s. costs.

Dr. Forbes Winslow, at the request of Messrs. Hood and Barrs, the solicitors retained for the defence, recently visited Nathaniel Currah (not Curragh) in St. Thomas's Hospital. After a long interview and conversation he pronounced the man to be undeniably insane. At first Currah did not remember anything about the crime, and he said he did not kill Letine or hit him. He said he went to the Canterbury Music-Hall to see old friends, and that they killed his daughter there. Then he asked had he killed Letine, adding he intended to drown himself. Suddenly he seemed to remember all about the murder, and cried out. "Yes, I killed him. God Almighty said to me, 'Go and kill Letine, and then yourself.'" It appears also Currah said he often heard spirit voices. Dr. Forbes Winslow declares the case to be a typical one of homicidal mania. Currah has since been before a Magistrate, where his behaviour was very singular. He was remanded for a week.

There are many ways of being revenged on a mother-in-law. Mr. Raynes, a solicitor, whose wife has just obtained a divorce, sat down one day to a supper of stewed eels; but when his mother-in-law came in with some roses, he threw them amongst the eels.

At Bangor, county Down, two children were playing on the rocks, when the youngest slipped into the water. Her companion, a girl nine years of age, although unable to swim, jumped in after her. The cries of both children attracted Mr. W. H. Malcolm, jun., a yachtsman, of Bangor, to the spot, and he immediately plunged into the water and held up both the little girls until the arrival of a boat, which took them on shore.

The price of thick postcards is now 6d. per dozen instead of 8d., and of thin cards 5½d. instead of 7d.

At a recent wedding in the village of Bempton, East Yorkshire, a young woman, while in the act of throwing rice at the newly-married couple, fell backwards and expired.

The number of paupers in London on the 14th ult., exclusive of lunatics in asylums and vagrants, was 89,632, as compared with 92,502 on the corresponding day of last year.

The human family living to-day consists of 1,450,000,000 individuals. In Asia there are now about 800,000,000, on an average 120 to the square mile. In Europe there are 320,000,000, averaging 100 to the square mile. In Africa there are 210,000,000. In America, North and South, there are 110,000,000.

## JULY FETES IN PARIS.

THE attendances at the Paris Exhibition continue to be so enormous that the *Daily News* has been induced to suggest that London shall be benefited by the holding of a grand International Exhibition in 1891. Innumerable are the fêtes that encircle the Eiffel Tower. Paris promises to be overwhelmed with visitors at the National Fête on July 14. In addition to the reviews, illuminations, and other adjuncts of this fast-approaching Republican holiday, there will be preliminary festivities, which are to take place on July 10, when a monster ball will be given in the Palais de l'Industrie—assuredly the largest locale for such a purpose that could be chosen. This ball is offered by the foreign exhibitors at the Exposition to the members of the Government and of the Municipal Council. On July 13 will take place in the same building the Workmen's Ball, so that there will be no lack of rehearsal for the universal dancing which characterises the celebration of the Fête of July 14.

## THE ARMAGH DISASTER.

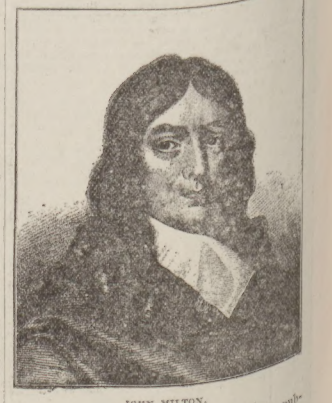
ONE of the superintendents of the Methodist Sunday School at Armagh has received the following letter from the Great Northern Company (Ireland), Secretary's Department:—"Amiens-street Terminus, Dublin, July 1, 1889.—Sir,—The directors having heard with surprise and regret that an account has been furnished to you for the amount of the fares for the excursion train from Armagh on June 12, I am instructed to state that it was done without their knowledge, and they wish you to consider it as withdrawn.—J. P. CULVERWELL, Secretary."

A woman named M'Lear, whose son was injured in the accident, was on Tuesday sent to the lunatic asylum.

## BOOK LOVERS' GOSSIP

### About Milton.

As I wrote about Shakspere and his birthplace last week, I have been asked by my editor to say something about Milton this. I do so the more



JOHN MILTON.

readily because I have just received from the publishers two little books immensely suggestive in different ways of the subject. One of these is a sixth edition of Mr. Laurence Hutton's "Literary Landmarks of London" (T. Fisher Unwin, 26, Paternoster-row; 2s. 6d.), and the other, Milton's "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes," in Professor Henry Morley's *National Library* (Cassell's; 6d.)

### Milton in London.

Mr. Hutton's book is rich in guiding reference to the footprints of our great men, and is to me more valuable than any "Baedeker" as a companion in London wanderings. But, after all, Milton's is the greatest literary name associated with London. Here he was born and here he died (1608-74). The house in Bread-street, Cheapside, where he was born, was destroyed in the great fire of 1666, as was also the residences near Aldersgate-street, in Westminster, and in Bunhill-fields, have all disappeared. There remains but the church of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, in the very heart of the City, where he was buried, and where a plain stone marks his grave.

### Chalfont St. Giles.

To discover any genuine relic of Milton we must wander into Buckinghamshire. It was at Chalfont St. Giles that the poet found a place of refuge from the great plague in 1665. The "pretty box," as he calls it, in which he lived was hired for him by his friend Elwood, the Quaker, and here the blind Milton concluded "Paradise Lost," and in some measure, designed "Paradise Regained."

MILTON'S COTTAGE, CHALFONT.

### The Poet's Poems.

But to return to the little sixpenny volume of the "National Library," with the "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained" and the "Sampson," it gives us two of Milton's greatest poems—poems which fill us with a sense of the grandeur and independent nobility of the man who wrote them, and far outweigh all the peering littlenesses which many have sought out for him in his life. In this "National Library" you can have the "Paradise Lost" in two sixpenny volumes, and the early poems in one volume, and the "Areopagitica" in one volume. It is to provide yourself with the best works of one of the very greatest of poets at a small cost; or, if you prefer to have Milton in one volume, let me recommend the Globe edition (Macmillan, 3s. 6d.), which contains a fine selection of the poems by Professor David Masson, to read which will considerably enhance one's pleasure in the poems.

### The Poet's Biography.

But I must not forget that my readers like reading *about* a poet quite as much as reading him. Well, Professor Masson has told the story of Milton's life in many huge volumes, which would take almost a lifetime to peruse. The best short biography of Milton is that by Mr. Stopford Brooke in the "Classical Writers Series" (Macmillan, 1s. 6d.) The late Mark Pattison also wrote a life in the "English Men of Letters Series"; but Mr. Pattison loved scholarship more than humanity, and somewhat disappointed Milton's zeal on behalf of popular liberties. From Mr. Brooke's short memoir you will be able to learn how well Milton realised his own ideal, that "he would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem."

TATLER.

**The Dartford Murder.**—Richard Townsend was brought up on remand, before the Dartford Magistrates, last Tuesday, charged with the wilful murder of Rosina Townsend. The evidence given before the Coroner, on Saturday, was supplemented, and the prisoner was committed for trial at the Summer Assizes at Maidstone. The funeral of Mrs. Townsend took place at Maidstone to-day, and was largely attended, much sympathy being felt for the relatives and children of the deceased.

## THE RACING WORLD

### The Turf Scandal.

After many days' fighting between Sir Henry James and his noble army and Sir Charles Russell and *his* noble army, the judges of the lists' award did not lend the tone of completeness which might have been desired to crown the proceedings' wind-up. According as personal opinions go, Sir Henry and Sir Charles may be accounted to have procured all that could be hoped for their clients. Seeing how the question stood, whether Lord Durham was justified in attacking Sir George Chetwynd or not, the finding or award does not satisfy the majority.

In effect we are told that

### Sir George Chetwynd is Not Guilty, but must not do it again.

Having bolted whole that anomalous verdict, we are presented with another big lump which defies mastication, and must be got down as it is if swallowed at all. Lord Durham is found guilty and not guilty, and charged a farthing by way of warning not to do it again, "it" being comprehensive of all manner of things.

Considering how earnestly his Lordship asserted that he did not want any more law, we can quite believe that he will not readily place himself in risk of defending a libel suit, no matter how strongly he may feel that malpractices, real or assumed, should be put down. Practically the only persons to benefit by the litigation are the lawyers. Wood, who was already down, has been kicked, thus receiving the usual treatment of the already overthrown. Sherrard's weak financial position has been advertised to all the world, another one who was down being thus heavily kicked. The little men have suffered awfully. And what for? Just for nothing, except a farthing and two thumping bills of law costs between the two big ones, who are in *statu quo ante*.

### Her Majesty's Breeding Stud

at Hampton Court was not long ago best known for the even quality of the young thoroughbreds it produced. They were so bad, one with another, that exception was seldom taken to their being styled the Queen's Rats. At that time all manner of learned theories were invented to account for this quality or want of quality. Some of them were so plausible that, next to wiping out the establishment altogether, the only course apparently worth adopting was to plough up the paddocks, cultivate them for a year or two, and then lay them down again with grass.

In all probability the stud would have been broken up and done for altogether had the evil times occurred later, for Court reformers were thinking of sacrificing it as a wastefully expensive luxury. Luckily, improvement was shortly effected, and we now get a capital lot of stock on view annually. Of course, they cannot all be gems, and some are sure to be failures; but we have a fine average. Last Saturday, as much as 3000 guineas was given on Colonel North's account for a colt by Hampton—Land's End, who looked worth all the money: a Springfield filly fetched a thousand, and so did a St. Simon colt; while John Porter went to within fifty shillings of £1000 for another Springfield colt. The young ones, of which there were twenty-eight, made 11,745 guineas, or a little over 419 each.

### Coming Events.

For a little while we shall not hear much of future-event betting. Presently there will be a little gambling on the Liverpool Summer Handicap. Leicester will make a bit of a stir, and the Goodwood Stewards' Cup may come up for notice. All of these as future events will be treated mildly, with occasional attention devoted to the St. Leger. Donovan has simply paralysed speculation on the Doncaster race as a regular betting affair. Sometimes 6 to 4 on the Duke of Portland's colt is accepted, but the bookmakers are counting rather on mischance in training than seriously thinking that something may turn out good enough to beat him on the day. We have not a colt with a chance except Chitabob, who will not be suited by dry weather. As for the fillies, 10 to 1 was laid the other day against the whole lot, and there are a lot of them too.

Just now I ought to have mentioned that the two-thousand-guinea yearlings sold at Hampton Court were bought for South America. With Fleur-de-Lys, a sister to Ormonde, Ormonde himself, and recent other purchases, there will be a big shipment ready shortly. Underwriters at Lloyd's are interested in these deals, for the exporters always want to insure, and will pay as much as ten per cent premium for the voyage across the Atlantic. Even at that rate they do not get all the best of the business, as the journey is a very unlucky one for blood stock. Kingwood, insured for £2000, has just died en voyage; and one loss wants many successful speculations to make up for it.

Many of our sportsmen and sportswomen reserved themselves for Kempton's Friday and Saturday, instead of doing the Stockbridge three days. Properly speaking, there are not three but only two days of Stockbridge, because we start with the Bibury Club's day. There is a distinction without much of a difference, since all the racing is on the same course. Call the meeting Bibury Club or Stockbridge, or what you will, you cannot alter the fact that the racing takes place at Danebury, which, except to Tom Cannon, who dwells there in Turret House, formerly the residence of his father-in-law, the late John Day, is carried on some miles from any recognised point of accommodation.

Danebury Downs in fine weather makes a lovely sojourning centre; in rough and wet times they are dreadful, more especially as the most fortunate have to face a considerable drive before getting a change of clothes, and most are in for a drive and a railway ride also. One is, therefore, truly thankful for the bright sun, which on the big tableland is seldom untempered by cooling breezes. The latest meeting drew a better company than usual since its heyday, when the Duke of Beaufort, the Marquis of Hastings, and others training with John Day held such a strong hand. We had William Day at Woodyester, with a remarkably cute, wealthy, and determined school, keeping their eyes on the prizes. The Duke of Hamilton was spending goodness knows how much to win races; Mr. Henry Chaplin, under the tuition of Captain Machell, was in open rivalry to the Danebury division; and the old hands, Mr. Stirling-Crawfurd and George Payne, played the great game with hardly less spirit and dash than the juniors.

HAVING A "COOLER" at THE WATER JUMP in THE TWO MILES STEEPLECHASE AMATEUR ATHLETIC ASSN. CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING.

## THE WORLD OF PASTIME

### The Amateur Athletic Championships

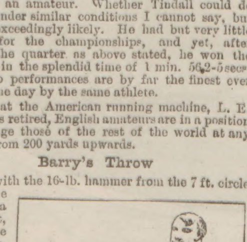
of Saturday were fruitful of new records. H. C. L. Tindall gave another convincing proof of what an exceptionally good man he is by running the quarter-mile in $48\frac{1}{2}$ secs., which, with the exception of Wendell Baker's performance of $47\frac{3}{4}$ secs. made on a *straight* 440 yards course on a trotting track in America, is the fastest time ever made by an amateur. Whether Tindall could do likewise under similar conditions I cannot say, but think it exceedingly likely. He had but very little practice for the championships, and yet, after winning the quarter as above stated, he won the half-mile in the splendid time of 1 min. 56 2-5 secs. These two performances are by far the finest ever made in one day by the same athlete.

Cheering H. C. L. TINDALL who won for the SECOND TIME, the QUARTER-MILE FLAT RACE and BEAT RECORD for TIME. AMATEUR ATHLETIC ASSN. CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING.

Now that the American running machine, L. E. Myers, has retired, English amateurs are in a position to challenge those of the rest of the world at any distance from 200 yards upwards.

### Barry's Throw

of 130 ft. with the 16-lb. hammer from the 7 ft. circle was the effort of a giant, which he virtually is, standing 6 ft. 4 in. and weighing 16 st. 10 lb., whilst all time, ancient and modern, may be challenged to produce a finer specimen of a man. In saying this I am but doing justice to Ireland, for Barry hails from Cork. News just reaches me, however, that, under similar conditions, another Irishman, J. S. Mitchell, threw the 16-lb. hammer 132 ft. 9 in. at Bergen Point, New Jersey, U.S.A., on June 12. Mitchell also has a record of 130 ft., made with a hammer the head of which alone weighed 16lb. So he is in front of Barry yet. Rowdon, the high-jumper, was the most noticeable absentee from the championship.



W. J. M. BARRY. with 130 feet beats British Amateur Record in THROWING THE HAMMER (16 lbs). AMATEUR ATHLETIC ASSN. CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING.

E. L. STONES. Pulls off the POLE JUMP at 11 feet 2 inches. AMATEUR ATHLETIC ASSN. CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING.

### Yachting.

Since I last wrote, Lord Dunraven's yacht, Valkyrie, has had a chequered career, victories and defeats being both her portion. But the races in which she takes part in English waters have now much less interest than formerly, for, negotiations between the American and English yachting authorities having fallen through, no race for the America Cup will take place. Lord Dunraven has all along said that he will go to America whether he races for the America Cup or not.

In the meantime, why do not the Americans come over here and try and win back the two challenge cups of theirs which are held by our yachtsmen? Such a visit would be nationally popular.

### Eton v. Harrow.

It is the fashion to regard the Eton and Harrow cricket-match, which will take place on the 12th and 13th inst., as a picnic only, but this is a very great mistake. The public schools are by far the largest feeders of the ranks of our amateur cricketers, and the matches between them form the first exposition in public of what latent talent they may possess. In the case of the Eton and Harrow match particularly is it tolerably certain that any player exhibiting merit out of the ordinary may be marked down as a future county player, and very probably destined to figure in North v. South and Gentlemen v. Players matches. Therefore, although their relatives and friends come to picnic and the general public to be seen, the players themselves and the *cognoscenti* are keen enough.

120 yds HURDLE RACE (10 flights) C. W. HAWARD (1st) C. F. DAFT (2nd) S. JOYCE The former Champion (3rd). AMATEUR ATHLETIC ASSN. CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING.

The match this year promises to be fairly open, but I incline to the opinion that Harrow have the better chance. The Eton eleven is none too well fancied at home, and in addition we have two trial matches to guide us. Harrow played a team of matured players last week, and beat it; Eton played Winchester and got badly worsted, their second innings reaching only 64 on a good wicket, and their own. This particular match, played as it is by mere boys, is peculiarly subject to surprises, under which category I shall place the victory of Eton. I apprehend that the favourite of the ladies will be little Gosling, who keeps wicket for Eton and bats very well, also.

### The Light Blues

made short work of the Dark Blues' wickets in the Oxford and Cambridge match at Lord's on Monday, when the men from the banks of the Isis could only score a first innings of 105, to which Lord George Scott contributed 37, not out, off his own bat. Batting for Cambridge, Mr. H. J. Mordaunt put together the splendid score of 127, and Mr. E. Crawley compiled 54. The first innings of Cambridge closed for the good round total of 300, apparently leaving victory within their grasp at the opening of the match. Oxford could only respond with a second innings of 90. Thus Cambridge won the match by an innings and 105 runs.

### Henley Royal Regatta

has drawn numberless pleasure-seekers and more house-boats than ever to the beautiful river reach amid the sylvan scenery of which it is the delight of the Right Hon. W. H. Smith to seek relaxation from the cares of office. Comment on the racing must perforce be left till next week. Here it may be remarked that those great boating authorities, Mr. Frank Willan and Mr. J. H. D. Goldie, had ample warrant for their protest in Tuesday's daily papers. Very seasonable was their appeal on behalf of the competing crews for "a clear course and no favour." MM. Willan and Goldie rightly wrote: "The regatta, which has now held the most prominent position in amateur boat-racing for upwards of fifty years, was established and has been maintained for the promotion of that most popular English sport, and we feel sure that the public, who have of late years taken such an increasing interest in it, as evinced by the enormous attendance, would feel a genuine regret if it should be found impossible to carry out the programme in future years."

BANSHEE.

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**The Queen's visit to North Wales** continues to excite much interest in the Principality. At Wrexham, on Monday, a committee was appointed to make arrangements for giving her Majesty a loyal reception. Included in the design is a proposal to find accommodation for 10,000 school children.

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"THE INCOMPARABLE SMELLING SALTS."

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A SUPERIOR SHAVING SOAP.

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"THE MELODEON.—No instrument invented of late can equal in power and sweetness the Melodeon. In external appearance it is a work of art, and in mechanism—for simplicity of handling, and for purity and variety of note—there is no instrument with which it can be compared."

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Illustrated Price-List sent free on application.

### SUPPOSED MURDER BY THE CLAN-NA-GAEL.

The *New York Herald* publishes a rumour to the effect that Dr. John MacInerny has been murdered by the Clan-na-Gael. Nothing positive beyond his disappearance on April 19 is, however, known. He left on receiving a telegram, which is apparently fraudulent, summoning him to Omaha, to take a professional position. The sender of the telegram cannot be discovered; nor is there any trace of MacInerny in Omaha or elsewhere.

As agent of the Clan-na-Gael and the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood, MacInerny became aware of the secrets of the organisation, and was one of four—Cronin, MacInerny, M'Cahey, and Devoy—who were believed to have been under sentence by the Inner Circle. Attempts on the lives of the others have been made, and in the case of Dr. Cronin successfully.

Keating's Powder.—Kills Bugs, Fleas, Moths, Beetles, and all Insects (perfectly unrivalled). Harmless to everything but Insects. Sold in Tins, 6d. and 1s.—[Advt.]

To Students.—To all those who burn the "Midnight Oil," engaged in mental labour, we would recommend Cadbury's Cocoa; its comforting, exhilarating, and sustaining powers are extraordinary. Beware of imitations.—[Advt.]

HIS MAJESTY THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

## THE SHAH AND HIS COUNTRY.

BY ONE FAMILIAR WITH PERSIA.

**Nasr-ed-Din,**

or, as the word is sometimes spelled, Nussir-u-deen, the Shah of Persia, is sixty years of age, and ascended the throne on his father's death in 1848. Succession to the throne of Persia depends solely on the will of the reigning Monarch, and civil war too often follows his death. The Shah's eldest son, the heir-*apparent* to the throne, whose title is Zil-i-Sultan, is the present Governor of Ispahan.

On the 628,000 square miles of which Persia consists there are only 7,653,000 inhabitants. The standing army numbers

**105,500 Men,**

and has been under the military training of European officers for the past thirty years. The navy consists of only two vessels.

The Koran offers the only restraint to the despotism of the Shah. He has absolute power over the lives and property of all his subjects; but this power must be sanctioned by the precepts of the Koran.

**The Persians**

are mostly Mohammedans, there being only about 740,000 Dissenters. The peasantry of Persia are, as a rule, very poor; indeed, great wealth or influence in a subject not infrequently compasses the death of the possessor. Not long ago, Houssein Kuli Khan, chief of the Bakhtearis, was strangled by Star Chamber order, his popularity and wealth appearing to be his only crime. On occasion even the nobles, if they give offence, are subjected to

**The Bastinado,**

the most general form of chastisement in Persia. Some few years ago, Muschir-ul-Mulk, the wealthiest man in Fars, the richest province of Persia, was severely bastinadoed, although over seventy years of age. There is no Circumlocution Office attached to the Persian court of justice. Punishment, sharp and prompt, follows the offence. Maiming is one kind of penalty: a joint of a finger is cut off for a first offence, say petty theft; a hand for a second, or the criminal is permanently lamed by cutting the sinews of the leg; a whole limb, or death, for a third offence. Formerly, blinding of one or both eyes was not uncommon, but this punishment is rarely resorted to now. Sometimes, at the present day, the ears are cut off or the nose slit as a punishment, and to act as a deterrent. Although crucifixion and burning at the stake still exist in Persia, it is said the Shah does not wholly approve of such extreme and

degrading death-penalties; but his hands are tied by the priests.

**Fazir Ali Shah,**

the chief of a robber band, kept a whole country-side in a state of terror for some years until himself and his band were captured. The chief was beheaded, four of the band were blown from guns, four were crucified, and some were built up in lime. This last punishment is absolutely devilish. A hole about four feet deep is dug in the ground, into which the miserable wretch is placed, after his hands have been tied firmly behind his back. The lime is then poured over him, until the man resembles a huge pillar. In most cases death ensues the moment the region of the heart is covered. These

**Human Pillars**

are common outside the gates of Shiraz and Ispahan. On the attempted assassination of the present Shah by two Bawbees (members of a religious sect), the would-be assassins were sentenced to have thirty holes cut in their bodies, into which lighted candles were to be placed and allowed to burn out. Death mercifully ended their sufferings before the candles were inserted.

These punishments appear revolting to Europeans, but they excite little comment in the Land of the Lion and Sun.

**The Present Shah,**

when compared with his ancestors, is a mild and politic ruler. The Shah and his nobles are not at all jealous of strangers: on the contrary, they show the inquiring traveller marked kindness. By simply asking, a stranger is shown the Royal diamonds, amongst them the great

**Deryar-i-Nur, or Sea of Light;**

the pigeon's-egg pearls; the famous coffee-cup, hollowed out of a huge turquoise—a magnificent jewel. The most attractive sight in the King's apartment is the golden globe, which was made previous to the Shah's first visit to England to safeguard the jewels of his Majesty. It is a large

**Globe of Pure Gold,**

brilliantly illuminated by precious stones. The British Isles flash and glow in diamonds of the first water; while France is resplendent in brilliancy of emeralds. Turquoise stones represent Germany; and Russia is marked out by rare rubies. The whole continent of Africa is a mass of emeralds; India is richly clad in pure whiteness of pearls; America sparkles in spar amethyst; other nations are represented by rich gems and precious stones. The King's arms and clothes are all adorned by like expensive trimmings. If there is a language of precious stones, as there is of flowers, the initiated might be able to divine the Shah's political likes and dislikes from the bejewelled gold globe.

**The Harem.**

A word about the harem. As is the rule in Turkey, and, indeed, in all Mohammedan countries, the interior of the Persian harem is jealously guarded from prying eyes; but the fortunate few who have caught a fleeting glimpse of the houris of the harem unveiled describe them as fat, dumpy, and altogether ill-favoured; their large eyes, languishingly lovely, alone redeeming the face from positive ugliness. The chief amusements of the ladies consist in tea parties, music, storytelling and the bath, picnics, smoking, and eating and making sweetmeats.

**The Shah**

is not by any means a voluptuary, and the harem is maintained at its present strength more to comply with custom and the Koran than for any other purpose. The "King of Kings" is not averse to a practical joke. On one occasion he invited the principal grandees of his kingdom to a banquet, which was followed by a little boating on one of the large tanks of his palace. The Shah sailed alone in his own boat, the nobles, all clad in Gala attire, followed in another, which had a false bottom. At a given signal the false bottom dropped, and the gaily-bedecked nobles were immersed in the water, while the Shahinshah went into fits of laughter as the pillars of the State crawled out wet and muddy.

## "THE COSMOPOLITAN" ON THE SHAH.

**How to Address Him.**

The Shah has quite a stock of titles and forms of address, such as Shahinshah (King of Kings), Khakan (a Kadgar title), Padishah, Alaihaezret (Majesty), which latter is the formal appellation that he goes by. The usual phrases in addressing him, however, are "Kaebleh atim" (Point toward which the earth inclines) and "Kurban shalwem" (May I become your sacrifice). It is not customary to address the Shah in any more direct manner; but if in the course of conversation it cannot possibly be avoided, he is not spoken to as "shoma" (you), which is the common form of address in polite Persian, but as "to" (thou). In his intercourse with European diplomats the French "Votre Majesté" is employed, and in addressing him in writing he is spoken to and of as "Votre Majesté Impérial."

HOW HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN RECEIVED THE SHAH AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

**The Shah as Haroun-al-Raschid.**

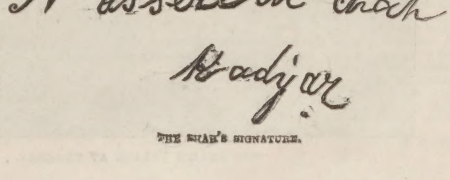
On one occasion the Shah conceived the idea of imitating Haroun-al-Raschid and going about by night in disguise and unattended through the streets of Teheran. On leaving the castle the sentinel, dozing in his box, let him pass two nights without hindrance, whereupon the Shah had the sleepy soldier flogged. The third night another soldier stood on guard, and he stopped the Shah and forced him, despite all his protestations, to spend the rest of the night in the sentry-box, barring egress with his bayonet. The next morning the Shah, after having been liberated, first had the unaccommodating soldier bastinadoed, and then he applied a plaster to his lacerated feelings and soles by sending him a purse with a sum equal to a hundred and fifty dollars and a robe of honour; but the Shah was cured of his love for nightly excursions.

**The Shah as a Youth**

is delineated among our Engravings; and Herr Wolf von Schierbrand, in the *Cosmopolitan* article from which we have already quoted, writes of this period of his career: When a youth the Shah and his mother were much neglected, and had to undergo many humiliations. "As he was very awkward in his manners and gait, and spoke in a timid, hesitating way, he drew several years ago one of the innumerable caricatures that with him form a source of unfailing amusement, and showed the sketch to his courtiers. 'Who is this?' he asked of his minions. None dared speak. 'That was I as I felt and looked at that time,' he said. 'Many a time did we lack food, my mother and I,' he continued, drawing a deep sigh. 'Where, then, were you fellows, now so lavish in your protestations?'"

**In Want of a Dinner.**

This is very likely true, as the Shah was held in great detestation by his father, who was anxious that the second son should come to the throne. Nasr-ed-Deen was, however, at fourteen made Governor of Azerbeidjn, that north-western province whose capital is Tabriz. But Fortune does not seem to have smiled on him, even in that position. "There



THE SHAH'S SIGNATURE.

his father's illwill followed him; and many a time, because his salary was not sent regularly, the young Prince and his mother were deprived of even the necessaries of life. Once, after waiting impatiently for the wherewithal to keep the pot boiling, a tax collector sent what purported to be the revenues of a certain district. They consisted, however, only in kind, and one lot—a number of fine rugs—had to be sold at great loss to an Armenian dealer to furnish next day's dinner."

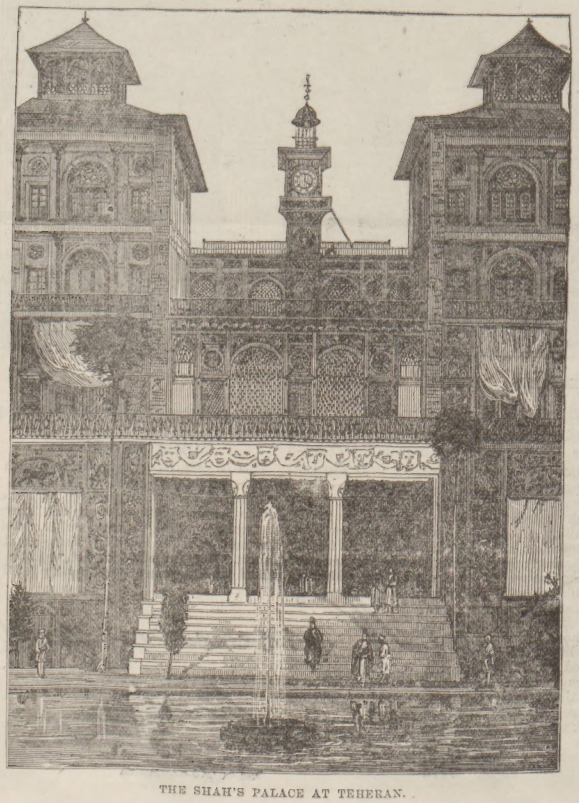
**Nasr-ed-Deen's Predecessor.**

The present Shah was eighteen years old when his father died. "Everybody who had

THE SHAH AS A YOUTH.

by illegitimate means grown fat and rich under his reign sought safety from the wrath to come in flight. None of the wives and children of the dead despot even troubled themselves about his remains. The corpse, only partially covered with a rug, lay uncared for in a back room of the castle at Teheran, with none so poor as to do it reverence, for four days and nights, till the long-neglected son and heir appeared and gave orders that all due honours and rites were to be paid to the remains. Mehmed Shah was then speedily buried, with all the pomp and circumstance which his son had decreed, but only hirelings followed the cortège to the grave, and the rabble cursed the dead when they had not dared to curse the living."

OUR VILLAGE: No. IV.—A WEDDING.



THE SHAH'S PALACE AT TEHERAN.

**The Ameer Mirza Taghi**

was appointed Grand Vizier, and he proved not alone a faithful friend to the inexperienced youth, but a man of unusual gifts, energy, and ideas, who began to institute a number of reforms, which in the main were greatly needed and which benefited the country at large. The Shah gave him his sister in marriage, and for a time all went well. Unfortunately, the Shah afterwards gave heed to flatterers and cringing minions, who poisoned his mind so as to make him suspect the man who had been his friend in need as anxious to supplant him. This suspicion finally became a conviction. In November, 1851, after having been in power three years, the Ameer was driven into exile. It is alleged in the *Cosmopolitan* that he was afterwards murdered.

**The Shah's Palace at Teheran.**

Want of judgment and barbaric taste may be seen in the decorations and whole interior arrangements of the Shah's Palace at Teheran. "The furniture is partly very fine and costly, partly very rough and shabby; the wall-papers are gaudy as a rule: of the rugs and carpets some are the choicest products of the Persian looms, others are cheap English or French fabrics, with a generous display of scarlet, sky blue, or bright green in the floral patterns. The *andaroun*, the part allotted to the extensive female branch of the Royal family, is in poorer taste and is more meanly furnished than that serving the Shah alone. Some of the State and ceremonial halls are very fine and elegant. One of the odd features about the palace is the fact that three small rooms in it have their walls entirely covered with pictures cut out of the English, French, and German illustrated journals which at some time or other came into the hands of his Majesty."

## THE FRENCH PLAYS.

The short season of French plays at the Gaiety Theatre under the management of Messrs. Abbey and Grau was brought to a close on June the 25th; and we regret the great pressure of other matter has excluded our notices of the interesting performances. M. Coquelin and Madame Jane Hading were throughout the mainstays of a company which comprised many others who displayed that easy mastery of their art which is the charm of French acting. The parts preferred by both M. Coquelin and Madame Hading were those of light comedy—and the latter especially appeared to advantage in "L'Aventurière," "Mdlle. de la Seiglière," and "Le Maître de Forges." In the well-known "Dame aux Camélias," and still more in "Adrienne Lecouvreur," Madame Hading depicted with force and touching pathos two phases of ill-placed and ill-requited love, and in the latter she rose to a height of dramatic power which proves her to be a worthy successor of the great actresses who have associated their names with these parts. M. Coquelin shines more in lighter comedy, and he can even give grace to farce. In "Le Député de Bombignac," (translated into English as "The Candidate"), in "Les Surprises du Divorce" (adapted to the English stage by Sydney Grundy under the title of "Mamma"), in "Le Gendre de M. Poirier," and in "Le Voyage de M. Perrichon," M Coquelin showed much of that easy sprightliness by which he has gained the affection of the French playgoing public. Not the least charming feature of his style is his clear and perfect delivery, and if only as a lesson in French speaking and easy deportment, the French plays deserved the support of the English public. Amongst the pieces played, the majority have, at one time or another, been adapted to the English stage, and are generally known to average theatre-goers. These found their standard raised and their taste gratified by a study of the differences between the French and the English renderings of parts with which they are already familiar.

THE SHAH DINES WITH HIS HAT ON.

# CYCLE & CAMERA

I SUGGESTED, last week, the ride to Oxford for a very delightful two-days' trip, and gave photographs of two of the most notable sights by the way. I now publish a view of just one little part of the well-nigh inexhaustible beauty which awaits you at your journey's end—Magdalen, with its far-famed tower. There is no lovelier

A CYCLIST'S TOUR TO OXFORD: VIEW OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE.

*(Reproduced from one of the River Views issued by Messrs. G. W. Wilson and Co., Photographic Publishers, Aberdeen.)*

... in which to spend a long summer evening ...n Oxford, with its many colleges; and if you have not tired yourself too much on the road, you ... get a boat at Folly Bridge and pull down ...ey to have a look at the mill which so many artists have painted and poets sung, and the old church, with its wonderful Norman portals and arches. And then, if you still have time, you can row up to Godstow and, on foot, wander ... to Eynsham. All about here are the haunts ... the scholar-gipsy and of him who wept for Thyrsis; and if you can get a three, instead of a ... days' holiday, spend one riding through the ... and to all the villages which lie near

The sweet city with her dreaming spires.

The ride of seventy miles from London to Oxford ought not to be too long for the average rider, though I think it a mistake on a tour to attempt scorching. To a record-breaker seventy ..., of course, is a mere nothing. And when a man of over seventy can manage to do 115 miles on the path in ten hours, younger riders sometimes feel as if they ought to be able to accomplish impossibilities.

But it must be remembered that Major Knox-Holmes, the hero of this really marvellous 115 miles' ride, is a very wonderful exception to the common rule; though I think his example ought to prove to those who are getting on in years how very jolly old age can be made.

The Major is a great character in the London cycling world, and his fame has spread far and wide. He was born in 1808, so that he is now eighty-one, and yet there is scarcely a cycling function from which he is absent. When the Americans went to Ripley three Sundays ago, he was there to receive them, riding down from London with his little granddaughter, on a tandem tricycle, and it was there Mr. Thomas, of Cheapside, made the accompanying photograph.

In the winter time he is always a prominent figure at cycling dinners. At those given by his own clubs, you are sure to see him bustling about, looking after the comfort of the guests. There are few at which he does not take part in the after-dinner speaking, and many and gay are the songs I have heard him sing on those occasions.

He is a Fellow of the Society of Cyclists, and at their meetings, again, if he does not himself read one of the papers of the evening, he is sure to join in the discussions which follow. He also belongs to the South London Tricycle Club and the London Tricycle Club, in both holding official positions.

He has always been an active man. He was in the Army, as his title explains, and upon leaving it became a Parliamentary agent. Always fond of athletic sports, he still shows the prizes he won in earlier years. But the curious feature of his cycling record is that it was not begun until he was in his seventy-fourth year, and becoming somewhat infirm. Impossible as it sounds, he took to tricycling because he could no longer walk: and, not content with riding in a staid, elderly sort of fashion, he began to go in for record-making on road and path with the energy and enthusiasm of a boy. The older he grows the sprightlier he seems, and, as if it were not enough to carry himself along, he is now usually seen on his tandem with his little granddaughter, who works, to be sure, but can hardly as yet be a very great help.

Major Knox-Holmes, in a word, gives a flat contradiction to all the traditional conceptions of old age. Had Matthew Arnold known him he never would have written his melancholy lines about what it is to grow old. But, of course, it must be remembered that all men of the Major's years cannot hope to rival him. There is an excellent little book called "The Tricycle in Relation to Health and Recreation," by Dr. Richardson, which sets forth very clearly what may and may not be done on that machine. He gives one or two examples of elderly riders whose experience has been less fortunate, simply because they themselves were not in as good physical condition as the hardy old Major whose athleticism in earlier years, no doubt, has much to do with his present vigour.

I have received from the Catford Cycling Club a short paper, stating some of the advantages to be derived from membership. The club, it seems, gives a valuable gold medal to the member who wins the greatest number of prizes during the year. Its challenge to race any other club on road or track has been accepted by the Polytechnic C.C., and the Catford men look forward to this race as "one of the finest struggles ever witnessed." The objects of the club are promotion of sport, road-riding, racing, touring, good fellowship. Its members are drawn principally from South London, though they come as well from all other parts of the metropolis. The subscription is 10s. 6d.; the entrance fee, 5s.; and all riders who would like to join should write to C. P. Sisley, general hon. sec., for further particulars of the advantages of membership. His address is 15, Exbury-road, Catford-hill, S.E.

N. C. U.

**The Small American Boat Neversink,** which has sailed across the Atlantic in safety, reached Havre on June 28, *en voyage* to the Paris Exhibition up the Seine.

### The Wooing O't.

Come, play up, ye fifers! Be lavish of breath!
Ye pipers, continue to puff.
Papa and mamma have just dined with Macbeth,
And their daughter's to marry Macduff.
—IGNOTUS.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—What commands the spontaneous homage of Mankind? Stirling Honesty of Purpose! Without it Life is a Sham! "A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—Adams. Caution.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by worthless imitations. Sold by all Chemists. Prepared only at ENO'S "Fruit Salt" Works, London, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S patent.—[ADVT.]

THE VETERAN CYCLIST, MAJOR KNOX-HOLMES, AT RIPLEY.

*(From the Photograph by Mr. R. W. Thomas, 121, Cheapside.)*

... AND WOMEN WHO WEAR HARNESS'S WORLD-FAMED ELECTROPATHIC BATTERY BELT find that it invigorates the debilitated constitution, stimulates the organic action, promotes the circulation, assists digestion, and promptly renews that vital energy, the loss of which is the first symptom of decay. Its healing properties are multifarious; it stimulates the functions of various organs, increases their secretion, gives tone to muscles and nerves, relaxes morbid contractions, improves nutrition, renews exhausted ... force, and thus promotes the health and vigour of the ... frame. All in search of health should wear this, the only bona-fide reliable Electric Belt. Thousands of testimonials. Pamphlet and advice free, personally or by ... application to Mr. C. B. Harness, Consulting Electrician (President of the British Association of ... Electricians), 52, Oxford-street, London, W. (corner of Rathbone-place).—[ADVT.]

# GARDENING IN SEASON

### Flower Garden.

A QUIET stroll round the garden is very enjoyable just now; everything is at its brightest and best, and pleasant sights and sounds greet one at every turn. The flower-beds ought to be very gay by this time; there is no flower-producer like such glorious sunshine as we are having every day. Small plants of the so-called geraniums (what are usually termed geraniums are really pelargoniums) are, indeed, flowering too profusely for their well-being, and if to grow and fill up the bed all buds and blossoms should be kept picked off for the present. The kinds with variegated leaves should also not be allowed to flower, or the leaf-tints will not be so bright. A well-kept

### Lawn

is always a "thing of beauty," and a fine, clean, and even sward is worth the expenditure of a good deal of care and trouble to obtain. The grass should be cut frequently, but not too close, this being bad for both the grass and the machine. Where the soil is light, lawns are beginning to suffer from the intense heat and continued drought, and if on more than a small scale, it is generally impossible to water them. Nitrate of soda is an excellent renovator for the lawn; however brown and bare, a sprinkling of this substance at the rate of eight or ten pounds to the rod, and well watered in, will effect a marvellous improvement in the course of a few days. It may also be applied in the form of a solution, of the strength of half an ounce to the gallon, with equally good effect.

### Dwarf Bedding Plants

now need a good deal of attention to keep them low and bushy. Those grown for their foliage, such as alternantheras, coleus, the dwarf iresenes, and golden feather pyrethrum, must be frequently pinched back, and care taken not to allow them to grow into one another, but the lines should be kept clearly defined. Pinch or cut off the flowers of sedums employed as a groundwork in carpet-bedding.

### Carnations.

Every garden of any pretensions should contain a collection of carnations; they are among the sweetest and best of all our hardy flowering plants, and, after a period of neglect, are deservedly coming to the front again. The old clove kinds are indispensible; of these we have the crimson, white, pink, and purple, and such grand self-coloured flowers as Gloire de Nancy (white), the Governor (blush), Mary Morris (rose-pink), Boston Rose, W. P. Milner (white), and King of Yellows are all worthy of an honoured place. Of the show, fancy, and picotee varieties there is an almost endless variety to choose from; but, though charming in their way, most of these are comparatively delicate. Carnations succeed best in a somewhat light, loamy soil, with good drainage; they must be planted very firmly, and a fresh stock be raised every year by means of cuttings, layers, or seeds.

### Seedling Carnations

are wonderfully floriferous, and, if sown in good time the previous spring, continue flowering throughout the whole of the summer and autumn. A good packet of seed will produce seventy or eighty per cent of fine double flowers. The greatest enemy of the carnation is wireworm; if these are present in the soil in considerable numbers the plants disappear as if by magic.

### Hollyhocks.

A few years ago there were scores, if not hundreds, of named kinds of hollyhocks in cultivation; but with few exceptions all these have now disappeared. This is owing to the disease that suddenly attacked them, and in a short time swept off whole collections. It now happily appears to have worn itself out, and though plants raised from cuttings are still liable to it, especially if starved or neglected, it seldom troubles seedlings. Good seedling hollyhocks always form the best plants, and if the seed was carefully saved, three-fourths of the plants will bear handsome double flowers. Give them plenty of water now, with liquid manure once a week for a change, and see that the spikes are securely tied to stakes about four feet high. Hollyhocks from seed sown in January in heat will flower the same year if planted out in April or May.

### Roses

are plentiful now, and all things considered, fairly fine. The rose is a gross feeder, and can scarcely receive too much nourishment, so that even if planted in rich soil diluted liquid (stable) manure, soapsuds, soot, water, or sewage, may be given almost *ad lib.* with the best results. Syringe the plants frequently and heavily, keep a sharp look-out for aphis, and hunt out the maggot persistently. The

### Vegetable Garden.

Early potatoes are maturing rapidly, and even the later kinds will soon cease growing and the skins begin to set if the present weather continues much longer. In some parts, a practice obtains of covering the potato sets in the trenches with long manure at planting time. This tends to keep the roots cool and moist; in a dry season like the present the result is excellent, but if much rain falls it is just the reverse. As a general rule, the manure should not come in direct contact with the tubers at all, and, indeed, the less stable or farmyard manure is used for this crop the better, in my opinion, except on very light soils. It only encourages the haulm to grow, and produces soft and watery, or "waxy" and inferior roots. Superphosphate of lime is the best fertiliser for the potato; with this and a little salt, soot, sulphate of ammonia and kainit (the latter only if the soil is deficient in potas ) heavier crops may be secured than by the use of farmyard manure alone, and of better quality.

### Fruit Garden.

Gooseberries and currants are only a light crop this year, but, though few, the berries are unusually large; this is merely an instance of Nature's universal law of compensation. The bushes are making very strong growth generally, and the shoots must be thinned out somewhat severely. This should be done by degrees, leaving the strongest and best of the new wood, disposed at equal distances. Remember that gooseberries and black currants fruit chiefly upon the strong and well-matured shoots of the previous season, while red and white currants bear from spurs on the older wood. The young shoots from the first should therefore be thinned, but shortened little or not at all, while those of the last must be cut in rather closely each autumn.

B. C. R.

# THE GREAT CITIES OF THE WORLD: PARIS.—[LETTER VI.]

*(From our own Correspondent.)*

### How to Visit the Paris Exhibition.

IN order to obtain an adequate idea of the Exhibition and to examine its most interesting features in detail, one would require at least a week. It may be hurriedly run through in a day or two; but whether you spend a week or a day, you must pursue some

### Systematic Route.

Nothing is more fatiguing than meandering through galleries, and you must be careful to economise time and walking power. There must be no superfluous walking—not in the buildings at least.

THE BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS, PARIS.

M. Berger, the General Director of the Exhibition, advises people to begin their visit at the Place du Trocadéro; but this is not a convenient entrance. Nine people out of ten will approach the Exhibition by the Quai de Billy, which lies at the north side of the Seine, and enter by the Pont d'Iéna, which connects the Trocadéro part of the Exhibition with the Champs de Mars. The Eiffel Tower may be done now, or later. It is something that you are not likely to overlook, as it will be overlooking you all the time you are in Paris. The best way to visit the galleries is to

### Make Straight for the Central Dome,

which dominates the gardens, as it were. This was the route followed by the President of the Republic, when he first visited the Exhibition. The Lord Mayor pursued the same route, and thus established another good precedent. But Englishmen, as a rule, begin by asking, "Where is the British Section?" There is no particular reason why they should want to see the British Section, but they do; and we may as well pass it in our tour to the main buildings. Turn, therefore, to the palace on the left, which is

### The Exhibition of Fine Arts.

All the pictures are modern, and date since 1878. They form the best collection of modern European paintings ever brought together. The finest pictures are on the ground floor, on the right-hand side of which will be found the British section, which is very representative of contemporary British art. The pictures are the pick of our galleries for the last ten years. Passing from the pictures you cross

### The Galerie Rapp,

which contains a magnificent collection of the finest specimens of sculpture which Europe can produce. Next is the British section, occupying the whole width of the large gallery which adjoins the Fine Arts Palace. Having examined it, direct your steps towards the central entrance. The vestibule contains some splendid specimens of the celebrated Gobelin tapestry and mosaics, and Sèvres porcelain. The gallery into which you pass leads to the machinery hall. It is called the Gallery of Honour, as only the best makers of the class of goods in the small galleries which open to the right and left have a place here. Proceeding to

### The Machinery Hall,

the visitor will be struck with the immense size of the place and the noise of hundreds of machines in motion. The exhibits are systematically laid out, and can all be seen with ease. The machinery is in motion from one to eleven p.m., and as this hall is one of the few places open at night it should be visited again when lighted up with electricity. Returning through the Gallery of Honour, you may take a look through the fourteen French galleries to the right and left, if you are not pressed for time. In doing so, however, you will have to walk four or five miles, and spend at least a couple of hours. Besides the excellent exhibits which they contain these galleries have another recommendation. They are well provided with comfortable seats and sofas in cosy corners, and, as seats are scarce in the Exhibition, this is important. Having slipped these galleries, or got through them somehow, visit the wing on the left—on the opposite side from the British section. It contains several foreign sections, the most important of which is the United States industrial section. Continuing this route you enter

### The Palace of the Liberal Arts.

The ground floor is taken up with what is called a restrospective exhibition of labour. It is one of the most interesting features in the Exhibition. You have the advance in handicraft in the means of transport, in printing, music, bookbinding, in military arts, &c., realistically presented to you by a series of originals and models. The sides of this palace are occupied by the exhibits of the Minister of the Interior and the Minister of Public Instruction. Going out of the building, you find yourself in the garden again, and in front of the elegant and fantastic pavilions of the South American Republics. Before quitting this neighbourhood for a stroll through the gardens visit the City of the Sun, which lies outside the palace you have just left. You will see a magnificent palace representing our Indian Empire, and you will pass a large Morocco bazaar, the Chinese and Japanese pavilions, en route for the famous Rue du Caire, about which so much has been written. In doing

### The Gardens

don't forget to visit the two little pavilions belonging to the town of Paris and standing in front of the main entrance. Having finished the main buildings, the gardens, the tower, and walked along the Street of Human Habitations by the river-side—showing the evolution of man's dwelling from the habitation of the lake-dwellers, who lived thousands of years ago, to a modern villa—cross the Bridge of Jena again, and visit

### The Trocadero.

The interior of the palace contains an ethnographic museum and a retrospective exhibition of art. From the top of either of the two towers, which are fitted with lifts, an excellent view of Paris and the Exhibition grounds is obtained. The park of the Trocadero is a perpetual flower-show, and hours may be pleasantly spent here. The parts of the Exhibition which remain are the long double row of galleries, containing food-products, and the agricultural section on the Quai d'Orsay. They are not a very interesting feature except to those who are occupied with agriculture, and a good way to visit them is to take the Exhibition train at the Eiffel Tower Station and come out at the Esplanade des Invalides. You will get a glimpse of the agricultural products now and then through the trees on the way. On the Esplanade des Invalides the great attraction is the French Colonial Exhibition, which occupies the whole of one side. The dazzling palaces in front contain the products of the countries, and the native villages among the trees behind give a realistic representation of the life of the aborigines in Algeria, Tunisia, Senegal, the Congo, and New Caledonia. The other important feature on the Esplanade is the exhibition of the Ministry of War. It is possible to accomplish this gallop through the Exhibition in one day if you leave the gardens and the Eiffel Tower until after six o'clock; but three days are necessary in order to make the visit profitable. Devote one day to the main palaces and buildings; another to the gardens, the Trocadéro, and the Eiffel Tower; and the third to the agricultural galleries, the Esplanade des Invalides, with the evening for the illuminations on the Champs de Mars.

### An Evening Ramble in Paris.

If you are done up by tramping through the Exhibition all day, it is always a pleasing divertissement to take a stroll on the boulevards at night. Sit down at the Café de la Paix at the corner of the Boulevard des Capucines, or at the Café Americain or the Café Riche in the Boulevard des Italiens, if you want to survey the scene comfortably. The Boulevard des Italiens is representative of cosmopolitan Paris—especially at night. It is always thronged. A crowd on the boulevard doesn't walk. It sits or lounges. You could not get along fast if you tried. This boulevard is always interesting to see at night, with its coloured kiosques, trees hanging over the pavements, gorgeously decorated cafés and gilded shop fronts, and the introduction of the electric light this year adds brilliancy to the scene. On opera nights the large space in front of

THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE, PARIS.

### The Grand Opera

is rendered almost impassable with carriages. The great edifice is brilliantly lighted up, and the electric light streams down from the balconies and through the windows of the *foyer*. Mounted cuirassiers, with their heavy helmets and long manes of horse-hair, are stationed round the building to show that it is national property. Walking along the Boulevard des Italiens, past the other theatres, notice how patiently the French people wait for admission to the pit or gallery. At the Porte St. Martin, when the divine Sarah appears in a new rôle, you will see a long line of people waiting for admission. This is called the *queue*. To *faire queue* is to wait in your turn for admission. The *queue* is a great institution in Paris. Wherever there is a crowd waiting for anything they *faire queue*. If you try to push ahead of your neighbour you run the risk of being lynched.

A QUEUE AT THE THÉÂTRE PORTE SAINT MARTIN.

I have already referred to the Paris music-hall—the café chantant. At some of these places of amusement, such as the Folies-Bergères, the performance is often too cosmopolitan, or too English. The cafés chantants in the Champs Elysées afford better types of Parisian music-hall artists. Unless you are a Parisian you will have difficulty in understanding the songs; but there is generally more dancing than singing, and dancing requires no interpreter. Fantastic quadrilles are greatly in vogue just now. One is called the quadrille naturaliste, and is a sort of can-can. But burlesque and comic singers and naturalistic dancers do not take up all the programme. Some of the songs are serious and patriotic. It is well known that much of the popularity which General Boulanger enjoys is due to a song sung by Paulus—the greatest music-hall star in Paris—in a café chantant.

PARIS CAFÉS-CONCERTS CHARACTERS.

**A Stormy Meeting** of General Boulanger's French friends in London took place at St. Andrew's Hall, Newman-street, on the 27th ult. The proceedings were characterised by the greatest disorder. Millevoye, Sombreuil, who was recently expelled from Finsbury, took a seat on the gallery railing and began shouting, and an attempt was made to eject him. There was a struggle in the gallery, and Millevoye, who had wrenched herself from her captors, rushed to the railing, and threw herself over. She landed safely on her feet, and renewed her resistance to all efforts to eject her. At last, however, she was dragged to the entrance of the hall and ejected. Her female companions continued the disturbance.

WORMS IN CHILDREN—Are easily, surely, and with perfect safety got rid of by using KEATING'S WORM TABLETS. Tins, 1s. 1½d. each.—[ADVT.]

RAILWAY SERVANTS.—Signalmen, Engine-Drivers, Porters, and others, who have frequently long intervals of work between meals, should drink CADBURY'S COCOA, a sustaining beverage, agreeable and comforting, during long spells of work. Beware of imitations.—[ADVT.]

H.R.H. PRINCESS LOUISE OF WALES AND THE EARL OF FIFE.

## THE SORT OF LOVE-MATCH BRITONS LIKE: BETROTHAL OF A BRITISH PRINCESS TO A BRITISH NOBLEMAN.

We have much pleasure in portraying Princess Louise of Wales, one of the sweetest roses of the Royal House of England, and her betrothed, the Earl of Fife, one of the most estimable of Scottish noblemen, and one in every way qualified to make happy for life the charming eldest daughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales. This is a love-match which has been hailed with undoubted satisfaction by the public, as well as by the Queen and their Royal Highnesses; and it is a union of hearts in which the people are bound to take the deepest interest, inasmuch as it is well known that

**Princess Louise of Wales**

has inherited, in common with her brothers and sisters, the unaffected geniality and winsome graciousness of manner which have won for the Prince and Princess of Wales deserved popularity and affectionate regard. To this native urbanity the young Princess adds a gentleness all her own. Her Royal Highness was born at Marlborough House on February 20, 1867, and was christened Louise Victoria Alexandra Dagmar. She is one of the homeliest of Princesses, and merits our best wishes for her happiness as the wife of

**The Earl of Fife.**

We cordially offer our congratulations to the Earl of Fife. It was appropriate that, as Lord Fife is a descendant of the Macduff that Shakspeare drew, Princess Louise should, on the evening the engagement was made known, have visited the Lyceum with her parents to witness once again Mr. Irving's grand revival of "Macbeth." Lord Fife traces his descent back to 1404. In 1735 William Duff was elevated to the Peerage of Ireland, by the Queen-Regent Caroline, as Baron Braco, and he was advanced to a Viscounty and Earldom in 1759 by the titles of Viscount Macduff and Earl Fife. His son James, the second Earl, was created a Peer of Great Britain in 1790, as Baron Fife. James, the fourth Earl, distinguished himself during the Peninsular War, having volunteered his services, and obtained the rank of Major-General in the Spanish Patriotic Army, being twice wounded. He died in 1857, and was succeeded in the Irish honours (the Barony of the United Kingdom becoming extinct) by his nephew, James, the fifth Earl, who was created a Peer of the United Kingdom in 1857, and a Knight of the Thistle in 1860. He married, in 1846, Lady Agnes Hay, daughter of the seventeenth Earl of Erroll. That lady died in 1869, having had issue Alexander (the present Lord Fife) and four daughters, the eldest of whom was married in 1865 to the fifth Marquis Townshend; the second (Ida Louisa) to Mr. Adrian Hope (which marriage was dissolved), and secondly to Mr. W. Wilson; the third (Alexina) to the Hon. H. A. Coventry, and she died in 1882; the fourth to Viscount Dupplin, from whom she was divorced in 1876; secondly to Mr. Herbert Flower who died in 1881; and thirdly to Mr. Alfred Cooper.

The Earl of Fife was born on Nov. 10, 1849; succeeded his father on Aug. 7, 1879; and was, from 1874 to that year, M.P., as Viscount Macduff, for Elgin and Nairn. He was Captain of the Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms during the last Administration but one of Mr. Gladstone. He is now a Liberal Unionist. As an intimate and attached friend of the Prince of Wales, Lord Fife has frequently been the host of the Royal family at Marr Lodge, in Scotland. He possesses many other seats; he is a partner in a great London banking firm, and is Lord-Lieutenant of Elginshire.

We may add that the Earl of Fife (Alexander William George Duff) in 1882 went on a special mission to the King of Saxony. He is one of the largest landed proprietors in Scotland, and owns extensive estates in Elgin, Banff, and Aberdeen, his rental being between £70,000 and £80,000 a year; but he has recently been disposing of considerable portions of his estates. He is popular as a landlord. His Lordship's town residence is 4, Cavendish-square, and his seats are—Duff House, Balvenie Castle, and Auchintoul, Banffshire; Innes House, Moray; Cariston, Forfarshire; Marr Lodge, Delgaty Castle, and Skene, Aberdeenshire. He is a member of the Reform Club, Brooks's, White's, Turf, and the Devonshire. Finally, we may state that the official circular of the Court informed us that her Majesty on June 27 gave "her consent with much pleasure and satisfaction to the engagement of her Majesty's beloved granddaughter the Princess Louise of Wales to the Earl of Fife."

Lord Fife was graciously received by the Queen on his arrival at Windsor Castle on June 27.

## THE WORLD OF WOMEN

I HAVE a little bit of news to tell this week about

### Dress;

but I do not consider it good news. It is stated, on what seems very good authority, that trained skirts are coming in again. Many of the best and smartest dressmakers allow the skirts of walking-gowns to be a couple of inches on the ground. Two inches is not much of a train certainly, and even that small addition detracts from the rather *stumpy* appearance of the plain undraped skirt now so much in vogue; but, if it is long enough to drag even ever so little on the ground, just think of the dirt and dust we pick up as we take our walks abroad! Thin materials, such as pongee, foulard, and delaines, are still made short; but rich silks and woollen materials are slightly trained. I do not admire short dresses for house-wear myself; and I think we ought, if possible, to have a gown or two that we would never think of putting on unless we were going to drive. It takes a very graceful woman to look well in a short dress in a room, and there are very few who can hold up a skirt gracefully in the street. To do the majority of women justice, they do not try. They allow their pretty frocks to *grate* along the flags at every step, and the result is—well, look at the bottom of your frocks when you come in!

And here I may give those who make their own gowns a useful little

### Hint.

It comes from France; but that does not matter. French dressmakers always make their *skirts a little shorter behind than in front;* because, they say, the majority of women have a tendency to throw back the figure when walking: hence, the skirt, which looks all right as long as the wearer is standing still, droops and drags at the back as soon as she moves.

Madame Estelle, of 71, New Bond-street, brought back some charming

### Hats

from Paris. I reproduce a sketch of one taken from the *Lady's Pictorial*.

**This Pretty Head-Dress,**

which would look well at garden or river party, is made of fancy straw in pale fawn colour. It is turned up at the back to show the hair, but has a wide and shady brim in front. On the crown, some deep-blue Iris flowers are artistically arranged, intermixed with a little mignonette. I should prefer it without the mignonette myself. The flowers are also introduced under the brim and allowed to rest upon the hair.

I think you will be interested to hear that Princess Sophie of Prussia has had some of her

### Wedding Outfit

made by the Hygienic Slender-Waisted Underclothing Establishment, presided over by Madame Edmunds Orr and Co., 47, Wigmore-street. Among other pretty things her Royal Highness was supplied with a number of vests made of soft silk trimmed with embroidery and real lace. The initials and coronet of the Royal bride-elect were embroidered on the left side.

It is quite possible that some of my readers have not a very large or elastic

### Allowance for Dress;

but it is also quite possible to make a little go a long way if only you know how to manage; and those of you who have clever fingers can turn out a hat which will look very nearly, or quite as well, as the above. The hat itself, untrimmed, will cost but a few pence; but do not let your ribbon or lace or flowers be too cheap. Remember that a ribbon which is half cotton is really more expensive in the end than one made of all silk; the latter will wear so much longer, and it will turn, and will bear to be *ironed out;* the same rule applies to flowers, although cheap flowers never look as odious as cheap ribbons. You probably think—

### Washing Dresses

are about the cheapest things you can wear in summer, but they are not; for if they are soiled and crumpled they look odious. But then, against the expense of the laundry-work, we must put the fact that any woman clever at cutting out and with her needle, can so easily make a cotton frock herself. The pretty blouse bodices look far better than those made to fit the figure on a lining; and if you finish them prettily with a bit of ribbon round the throat, and a nice stiff waist-belt of "Petersham" (*this* is much better than a limp belt made of the cotton) you will look quite as well as Miss Vere de Vere in her six or eight guinea foulard.

I have been listening to, and reading, a great many discussions lately upon how to

### Live and Dress Economically.

but, in my humble opinion, it is not of much use to theorise on these subjects. Some women are born economists; others cannot learn, even by experience, the value of money. It slips through their fingers in some unaccountable manner, and they have nothing to show for it. I daresay you will many of you laugh at me for saying that it is much cheaper to live in a

### Healthy Situation

(even if you pay a little more rent and taxes) than in an unhealthy one. If you get into an ill-built, ill-drained, and ill-ventilated house you will, probably, have a large bill to pay the doctor at the end of each half-year, and loss of health means loss of time, and of many other precious things besides.

And if you have not a large income you should be very particular to pay

### Ready Money

for *everything*. By doing so you are far better served by your trades-people; and you are so independent that, if not well served, you can go elsewhere. And it is also well to remember that in food, as in dress, there is no real economy in buying cheap "shoddy" things. Good tea and good coffee go further than bad; but I am by no means sure that the same rule applies to *butter*. I have myself seen good fresh butter disappear at breakfast and tea like ice before the sun; whilst "Dossett of the worst description" seems to last for ever! There is no cure for this but dry bread or self-denial. Have good butter, but do not eat it too fast; or else have none.

MARGUERITE.

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**No Inconsiderable Amount of Blood** has been spilled during the erection of the great and glittering Exhibition on the Champ de Mars, which everybody is now flocking to see. It is calculated that 6350 men were treated for injuries or for illness resulting from exposure; 360 workmen hurt their legs; 260 received severe injuries in the eyes from projecting timbers or bars of iron; 114 were scalded or severely burned; and fifty had their fingers cut off. The deaths from falls are put down at the modest figure of twenty-four, but it is believed that they were far more numerous. Eiffel's Tower and the Machinery Hall caused the loss of many lives.

## THE PEOPLE'S ARMY

### The Last Wimbledon.

THIS (Saturday) morning the camp for the last Wimbledon Rifle Meeting is ready for occupation, a great amount of preparatory work having been completed since Monday, and this afternoon and evening, and all day to-morrow, the flies from Putney will be bringing up the competitors who intend to live in Canvas Town during the week or fortnight they may stay. But even then there will be a large contingent left to come in on Monday, if men who come up for the Queen's Prize only, the shooting for which will begin on Tuesday and go on till Thursday evening, when a great proportion of the men will know whether they have shot up well enough to go on to the two final stages, on Saturday and Tuesday week. The camp looks as picturesque as ever, the white tents gleaming before the green background, but scorching in the fierce sun, which up to the time of writing had not dried up the verdure. The imminence of the great Prize Meeting, almost forgotten in presence of the Shah, has perhaps been most generally brought to mind by the

1ST MIDDLESEX ENGINEERS.

### Arrival of the American Team,

for whom, however, the Council of the National Rifle Association have declined to admit the Springfield rifle of the American military service, with the addition of a screw wind-gauge aperture sight, to the military breechloader competition. We want to be as courteous to our visitors as possible, but while the N.R.A. rules stand as they do I cannot see how the Council could give way. When the men of Middlesex, Devon, and Somerset were firing at Dunball a fortnight ago they sent in a memorial which suggested that "the exclusion of the regulation arm of a foreign state is a breach of international courtesy." Really the Dunball air must be too exhilarating.

### Lord Wolseley's Speeches

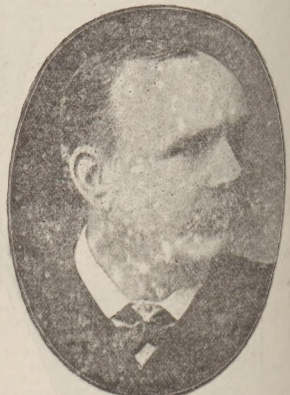
about Volunteers and their equipment are becoming flat. Opening the new headquarters of the Blackheath Battalion on Saturday, his lordship could find nothing to say except to hope that the Lord Mayor's fund would be successful, and to remind Volunteers that they do not need all the equipment of the Regulars, as the invasion campaign which they may have to fight cannot last more than a fortnight. That is true enough; but if the Volunteers only want so little, why does not the Adjutant-General make a good bid to get it from the Treasury? His praise of the Lord Mayor was rather cold comfort for the Blackheath Battalion, as—and I believe I am correctly informed—the Kent men bordering on the great city do not come into the Lord Mayor's scheme. Whatever may be wanted, they require it as badly as other corps in and around the metropolis. The exclusion of the Wimbledon and Kingston Battalions is even more inexplicable, for when the enemy comes they will certainly have to mobilise at Caterham for the defence of London like all the indisputably metropolitan corps.

### The Sheerness Accident

is likely to be a troublesome business for the military authorities before it is done with. Many things may cause a gun to burst beside a plugged shell which has not been properly plugged; but it is very likely we shall find that it was the projectile that was to blame in this case, and not the weapon. At the same time I have heard that for some time it had been the custom to range the gun detachment under cover when this particular gun was fired, a circumstance which suggests that somebody was doubtful about it. Volunteers especially will be pleased to know that for a long while this interesting weapon had been reserved for Volunteers' practice. It is to be hoped that the Commander of

### The New Thames District,

who entered upon his duties last Monday, will give an eye to these Sheerness defences at once. It is very useful to place the Thames mouth on both sides under one General, and to allot to him Volunteer Artillerymen; but this Sheerness incident should serve to remind us that a new scheme is not of much use if confined only to paper. What is the value of Artillerymen at the Thames defences if the guns are going to burst? The alteration on the Thames does not affect Volunteers greatly; but in the other parts of the country they are being shifted a good deal. We have nine military districts in England, and the need for a rearrangement may be gathered from the circumstance that Hereford is now to be transferred from the Northern district—a district which includes Northumberland—to the Western, which includes Cornwall.



LIEUT.-COL. T. TULLY.

### The Royal Military Tournament

this year has been a most unequivocal success, and the Volunteers have had a great share in producing the result. It is some little satisfaction to the People's Army to know that Colonel Tully, the great moving spirit in this Exhibition, and in many other tournaments all over the country, is a Volunteer pure and simple, and one who has done nearly everything it is open for a Volunteer officer to do. I do not know where he began, but he has held commissions in the London Irish, 1st Tower Hamlets, and (now) in the 4th East Surrey. He is depicted from the photograph taken by Mr. Alexander Bassano, of Regent-street.

### Shooting.

An undoubted 100 is always a record for admiration, and it has been made by Gilbert, of the H.A.C., in firing for the English Twenty Jewels, with 34, 34, and 33. Gardiner, of Keswick, was next with 98, and there must have been nearly a hundred with 97 made not less than 90. This is one of the great mat hes fired simultaneously all over the country, and the general fine weather must have had a lot to do with the high scores. Another 99 has been made by Corporal Robinson, of the 1st Lincoln, on the Lincoln range, and another, by a Scottish champion, Ingram, winning the Caledonian Challenge Shield. Now for a fortnight all the shooting interest will be at Wimbledon.

### The Wonderful Score.

"Gloucestrian" is quite wrong in saying I denied that Private Higgins made that 105. I certainly took leave to doubt the story, and suggested that if he had done it it was in practice. "Gloucestrian" seems now to admit that it was in practice, and if he is a shooting man he must know that, though a 105 at any each range in practice shows a good man, it is not customary to pick out the three perfects and bung them together as a three-range score. We might have a lot of 105's made in this way in the course of a year.

EYES FRONT.

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Miss Lister, the victim of the late railway tragedy at Devizes, has almost recovered and, contrary to expectation, will be in no way disfigured by her injuries. These, it will be remembered, were caused by a discarded lover shooting her in the head and pushing her through a carriage window. When quite recovered, Miss Lister intends to return to her duties as head-mistress of the Devizes British School.


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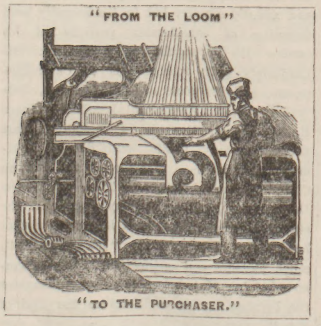


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# LEGAL COLUMN

["Lex" will be happy to answer simple questions of Law put to him concisely by readers of "The Penny Illustrated Paper."]

## VI.—WILL MAKING.

Why make a will at all? Because it is impossible for the law, which regulates the distribution of the estates of intestates (i.e., persons dying without a will), to provide fairly for special circumstances. That person making no will have to remember that "real estate" descends in one way, and their "personal estate" descends in another way, and their "personal estate" descends in another way. The real estate descends to the heir-at-law, and personal estate to the next-of-kin. In many cases this proves an inequitable arrangement, especially with regard to the real estate. All the children, except the eldest son, may themselves excluded from the freehold property of their intestate father. The widow also is generally excluded, be nuse by the modern forms of Conveyances she is often deprived of her dower, or "Thirds." As to personal estate, although the Law endeavours to make a more reasonable arrangement, it must often happen that, through prohaving been made for one child during his lifetime, or through the special needs of another child, or it may be through the children being illegitimate, or through the misconduct of a wife or child, that the "next-of-kin," in a legal sense, are not the persons who ought to take the property. In some cases considerable extra expense is incurred by intestacy, and, when children are all under age and it is necessary to make some provision for guardianship, their maintenance and education. Hence intestacy is an evil. We have known cases in which an intestate father left an ample estate to several infant children, and a chancery suit had to be instituted, at great expense, for the purpose of doing what might have been provided for by a clause in the father's will.

But if a will is to be made, who should make it? Should a man make his own will, or the will of his confidential person? The answer to this question is, that as a general rule a will should be made by a lawyer. Although a will may seem the simplest of documents, in reality it is a most dangerous one for anybody but a lawyer to draw. Many are the estates which have been thrown into Chancery through a badly drawn will, made often at the last moment by a friend, a doctor, or a clergyman. Lawyers themselves, as a standing joke against the profession often reminds us, have shown by their own errors how difficult it is to draw a will. One of the greatest conveyancing lawyers of the last generation, Lord St. Leonards, made a terrible muddle over his own testamentary dispositions. Only last week we heard an experienced City solicitor declare that the best Chancery suit he ever had arose over a will prepared by a doctor, with a codicil, added at the last moment, by a lawyer. People who are not lawyers, and who do not understand what are the proper words to indicate their real intentions, of course use in their ordinary sense words which for lawyers, in wills, have a special meaning. It is then expected that wills prepared under such circumstances shall carry out anything but the "intention of the testator," which is supposed to be always dominant in litigation. It is, perhaps, better to use the common forms of wills sold at stationers' shops than for a person to draw a will "out of his own head"; but these common forms have their own peculiar pitfalls, especially in the hands of a person who does not know how to use them. A lawyer would never think of using them. However, I find that I am overstepping the limits of my space, and must conclude what I have to say about will-making next week.

### ANSWERS.

INQUIRER.—If the material part of the will is correctly and fully stated, your brother is separately entitled to an undivided moiety. There is no survivorship to longest liver as between tenants in common. It is just possible that the will did not dispose of what lawyers call the "fee simple." You should consult a solicitor.

A. COX.—You clearly acquiesced in the rules, whatever they were. It does not appear whether the deductions are in accordance with the rules. Write for an account and explanation.

HONESTY.—You do not state whether you worked by agreement exclusively for bankrupt. Unless you were his workman, i.e., servant, you have no priority. Where priority exists it is for wages during four months prior to bankruptcy, and up to a total of fifty pounds. Prove debt, and claim priority (if facts permit) in your affidavit of proof.

J. H.—A tenancy need not necessarily run exactly from quarter-day to quarter-day. The facts, and especially the dates of payments of rent, seem to require in this case that the tenant should have given six months' notice, ending Sept. 29. It appears to be now a Michaelmas tenancy from year to year.

HILLTON.—If this be a new gate across an old free right of way, it is doubtful whether you could even maintain the gate if objected to. You cannot legally enforce against the person entitled to the right of way a new liability to shut the gate, unless he agrees in writing for good consideration to this new restriction on his old rights. LEX.

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**London** is crammed almost beyond precedent. Our visitors are not solely Americans, but a large number of colonists are here, and many foreigners. Notwithstanding the weather, the theatres are crowded, so are the parks, Hampton Court, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, and the streets. A well-known Dublin professor tried in vain at the Hotels Métropole, Victoria, and the Grand, besides many others, when in London the other day.

**An Immense Strawberry Crop** is being gathered in East Kent. There has been none to equal it for many years. From the Isle of Thanet and Ash, next Sandwich district, from 30 to 40 tons of fruit are being sent away daily. The South Eastern Railway Company are running large fruit vans filled with strawberries direct from Sandwich and Minster to London, whence they are despatched to Manchester and other large towns. There has been a considerable extension of strawberry culture in East Kent since last season, and it is said to be the best-paying crop of fruit that is now grown.


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Hemstitched, Ladies' size, 116s. per doz.; Gents' size, 118s. per doz.

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Hemstitched, Ladies' size, 120s. per doz.; Gents' size, 122s. per doz.

Hemstitched, Ladies' size, 122s. per doz.; Gents' size, 124s. per doz.

Hemstitched, Ladies' size, 124s. per doz.; Gents' size, 126s. per doz.

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Hemstitched, Ladies' size, 134s. per doz.; Gents' size, 136s. per doz.

Hemstitched, Ladies' size, 136s. per doz.; Gents' size, 138s. per doz.

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Hemstitched, Ladies' size, 154s. per doz.; Gents' size, 156s. per doz.

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